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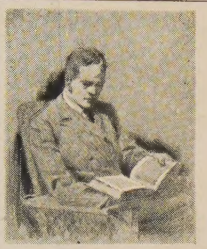

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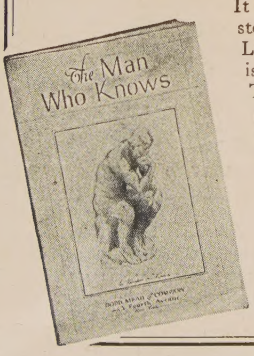

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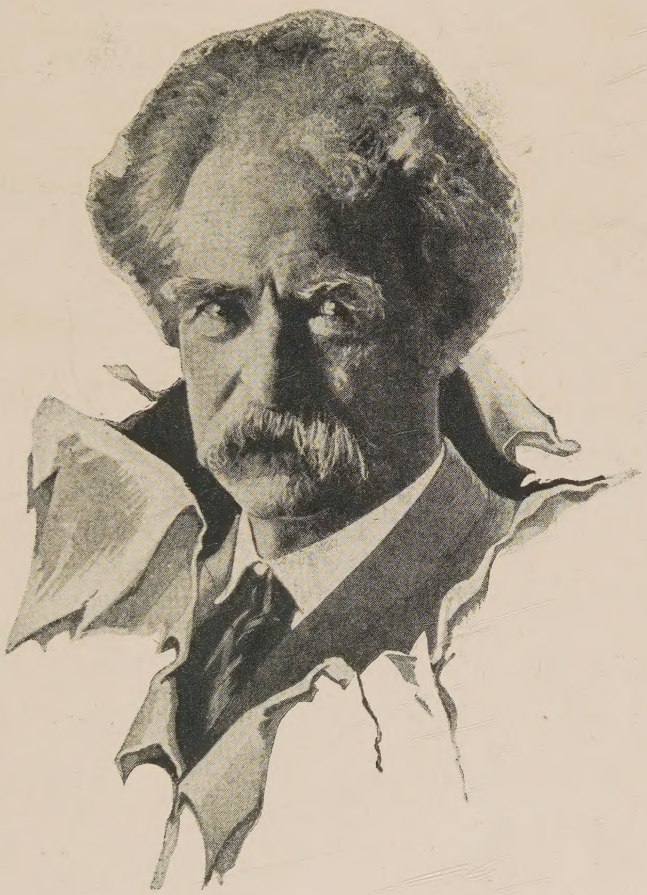
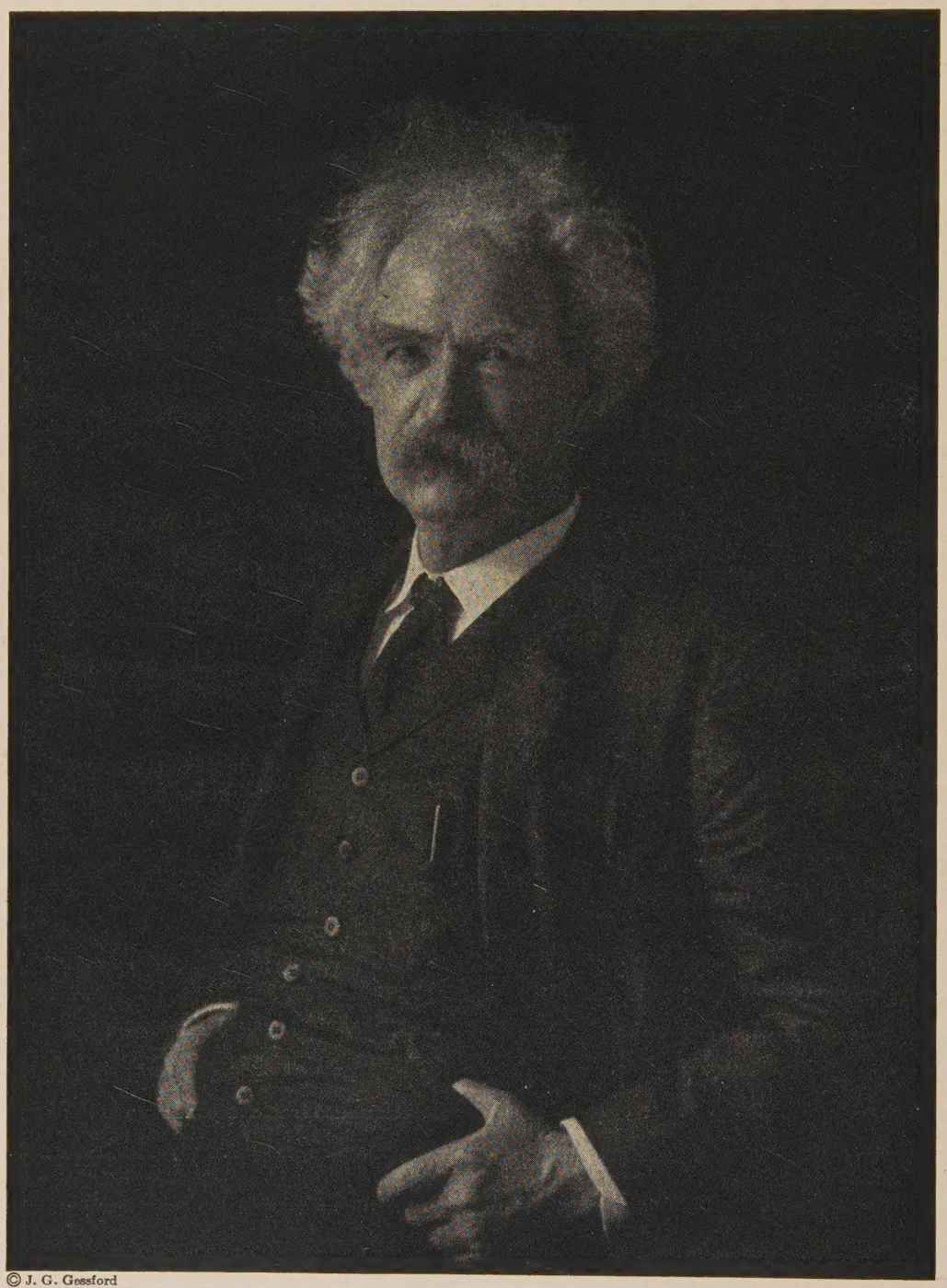
MARK TWAIN

HIS STORY, HIS WORK, AND HIS PERSONALITY
HIS HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HABITS OF LIFE

DESCRIBED AND PICTURED BY THOSE THAT KNEW HIM BEST



HE RUBBED *elbows with all kinds of men, and his keen and searching humor made "copy" of them all. His genius broadened with the years, and, as his knowledge of human nature increased, he developed a searching insight and a shrewd philosophy. We of to-day—for he was so lately among us—knew him as "many kinds of a man," and we honored him for all. Hardly another American writer, during his lifetime, won such world-wide recognition. The great men and institutions of many nations delighted to pay tribute to him, and his friends were myriad.*



© J. G. Gessford

With the Kindest regards Stormfield, Oct. 7, 1909.

Mark Twain

The MENTOR

Vol. 12
No. 4

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NO. 255

MAY, 1924

MARK TWAIN—BOY AND MAN

The Story of His Life

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography"

EDITORIAL NOTE: The Mentor is fortunate in having secured from Mark Twain's biographer a condensed, but very complete, presentation of the important episodes and events in the life of the great philosopher-humorist.

Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine

MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER
Jane Lampton Clemens lived to the ripe old age of eighty-eight years. She died on October 27, 1890

Humanity pays tribute to many humble beginnings: Shakespeare first saw the light in a cottage at Stratford; Lincoln entered the world by way of a leaky cabin in Kentucky; while into the narrow limits of a cheap, one-story abode of Florida, Missouri, on a bleak autumn day, November 30, 1835, there came a feeble infant who, as "Mark Twain," would live to cheer and comfort a tired world. It is true, they named him Samuel Langhorne Clemens, but it was only as Mark Twain that the world would learn to know and love him, and it is only as Mark Twain that, now, fourteen years since he arrived at what he himself termed "the dignity of death," he is still universally loved and remembered. Mark Twain—what dynamic syllables they are! He chose them from his river experience; a leadman's call, signifying two fathoms (twelve feet). The name had a richness about it. He said: "It was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water."

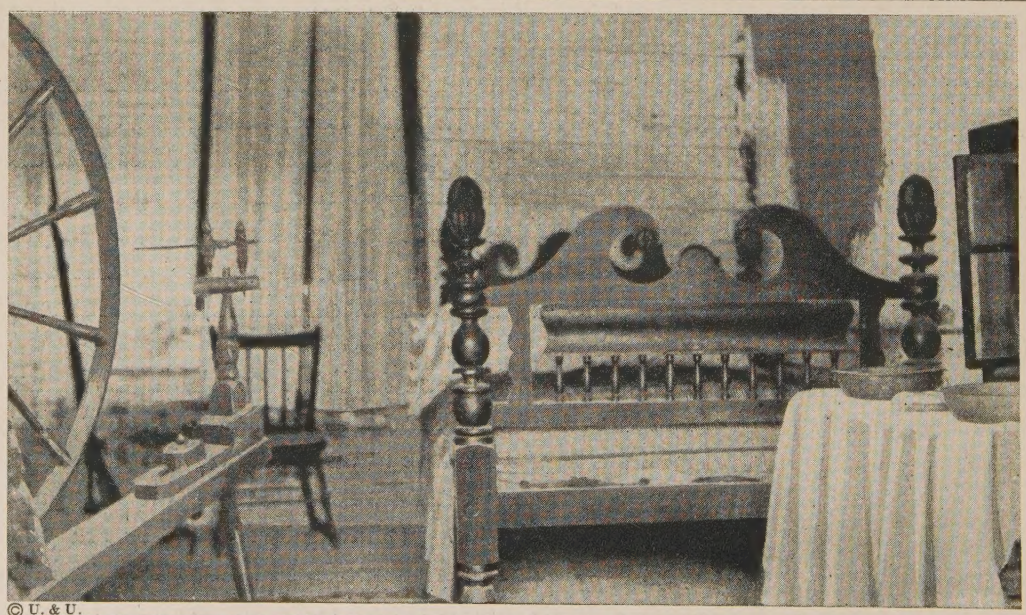
It became somehow retroactive. We are inclined to think of him as Mark Twain even when, as an undersized boy, with a mass of light, sandy hair on a head too large for his body, he made almost any excuse to get out of going to school, this being the time when he and those graceless, lovable associates, Will Briggs and Tom Blankenship (that is to say, "Joe Harper" and "Huck Finn"), engaged in certain adventures, to be told later in a book which other boys, of whatever age, would read and continue to read through

NOTE: The Editor of The Mentor acknowledges with full appreciation the generous coöperation of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and the P F. Collier & Son Company, publishers of Mark Twain's works—both for the use of pictures in their possession and for their valuable assistance in securing outside material for this number.

the generations. He was a bandit in those days, a bandit and a pirate by turns; then he became a printers' "devil," which was no great improvement; and later a pilot, miner, journalist, and lecturer; but by that time he had become really Mark Twain, and as such was presently a famous author-traveler-publisher, receiving honorary degrees from great universities, sought by the world's best and foremost, loved by all men in all lands, and mourned by them when he died.

The father of Mark Twain, John Clemens, born in Virginia, had grown up in Kentucky, where he married Jane Lampton, the belle of her region. They left Kentucky for Tennessee, but their fortunes declined, and they finally moved to Florida, Missouri. John Clemens was a lawyer, a man of education; but a dreamer, full of schemes that usually failed. "Little Sam," as Mark Twain was at first called, inherited much from him, but more from his mother, who bestowed upon him her sense of humor, her prompt, quaint philosophy, and that pleasant drawling speech which gave her wit, and his, a serene and perfect setting.

John Clemens died, a failure, before little Sam was twelve years old. The boy's school days now over, he became a printers' apprentice. Life's turning points often appear when least expected: the printers' boy met one on a windy afternoon when he overtook a flying scrap of paper which proved to be a leaf from some old history of Joan of Arc. What he read there aroused in him an interest and an indignation that, while he lived, would never perish. The boy now read other things, and his career as one of the world's mentally



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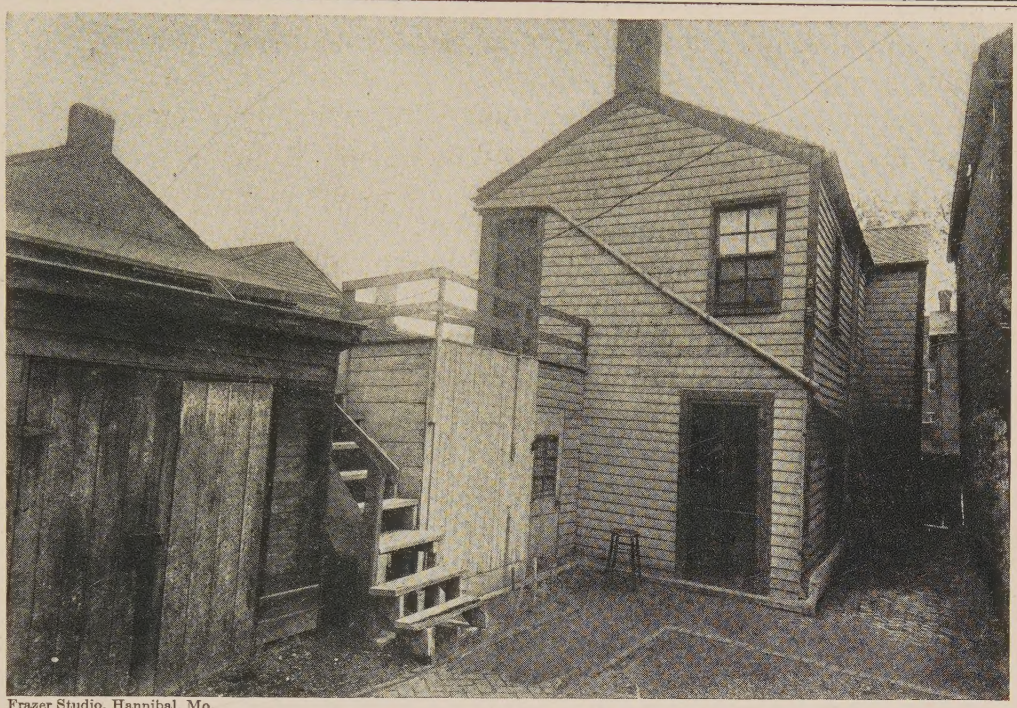
INTERIOR OF MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

The humble little building is being preserved as a memorial to the author



Frazer Studio, Hannibal, Mo.

BACK VIEW OF THE CLEMENS HOME, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

This is the scene of the comical mishap of Jim Wolf, which is told in the story of Mark Twain's boyhood days called "Jim Wolf and the Cats"

elect was assured. From the first he was as eager to read as to write.

After two years as apprentice, Sam went to work for his elder brother, Orion, who had acquired the Hannibal (Missouri) *Journal.* Once during his brother's absence he tried his hand at editing the paper, and set the town a-laughing by his satires of a rival editor. Also, at this period he had two anecdotes printed by the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.* This he considered a great triumph, but he did not follow it up—not immediately.

Prospects being poor in Orion's print shop, Sam struck out for himself. For a while he worked in New York. Later he was "subbing" on the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* then, becoming homesick, he returned to the West. This was late in the summer of 1854. On his way home he waited an hour or two in a small hotel at Muscatine, Iowa. A book on the hotel writing table contained pictures of the English sovereigns, with brief facts of their reigns. This information, which he there committed to memory, became his groundwork for all English history.

Orion Clemens wanted his brother to remain with him, but Sam preferred a job on the St. Louis *Evening News.* Later, he joined Orion in the job-printing office which the latter had opened in Keokuk, Iowa. There he read a book which fired him with desire to seek his fortune collecting cacao in South America. He was, however, without funds. But, as in the case of the

LAURA HAWKINS, AT AGE OF NINETEEN
A girl friend of Mark Twain's youthful days, and the original of "Becky Thatcher," the sweetheart of Tom Sawyer

Joan of Arc episode, the wind again became the messenger of Providence when, one bitter day, it hurled into his vision a scrap of paper which, amazingly, proved to be a fifty-dollar bill. No one claimed his find when advertised, so this good fortune remained with him.

Sam Clemens made Cincinnati his first stop. There he worked at his trade until spring, by which time the young cacao hunter, having saved money enough for the next stage of his journey, engaged down-river passage one day on the steamer "Paul Jones." Once aboard, an early pilot ambition returned; the romance of river life stirred strongly within him. He laid siege to the pilot, Horace Bixby, a small, brisk man, who, before they were half-way to New Orleans, accepted the young man's offer to go with him as cub pilot, upon the payment of one hundred dollars down, the balance to be paid as he earned it. Thus began the river voyaging which was to continue through four sunlit years; which was to give Mark Twain his pen name, and to the world an immortal book, "Life on the Mississippi."

At the end of eighteen months (September, 1858) he obtained a full license as a Mississippi River pilot. He had, as it seemed to him, become one of the elect. He was entirely happy. He loved the river as he would never quite love anything again. Yet, according to Bixby, "Sam was always scribbling when not at the wheel." He was now twenty-five, and regarded piloting as his life profession.

The Civil War, which broke out in the spring of 1861, brought the river chapter to a sudden end. For two weeks he played at soldiering, then went up to Keokuk to visit his brother Orion, who had just been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory. Sam had the money that Orion needed to carry him to Carson City, and he was made Orion's pri-

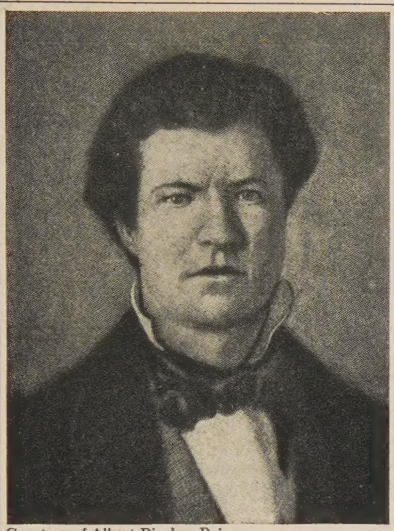
Photo by H. Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo.

MRS. LAURA FRAZER (LAURA HAWKINS)
"Becky Thatcher" serving tea in the Mark Twain home, Hannibal, Missouri, November 30, 1915, in memory of the author's birthday

vate secretary. Their happy journey across the plains is told in "Roughing It."

In Carson City, finding neither duties nor salary attached to his position, he devoted himself to the study and enjoyment of the easy-going freedom of frontier life. What he saw and experienced during this period was for him a priceless education. He engaged in mining, but the snow-covered ledges and the frozen hillsides of Nevada yielded him no treasure.

One or two of his letters home, of this period, printed in a Keokuk paper, through Orion, found their way into the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City. The early literary impulse stirred again, and presently some sketches, signed "Josh," also appeared in the *Enterprise.* They brought him no return in money, but all unknowingly their author was knocking at the door of the Hall of Fame. The "Josh" letters attracted the attention of Joseph T. Goodman, owner and editor of the paper. Being in need of another reporter, he offered the all-but-discouraged miner twenty-five dollars a week to join the staff. Thus, at last, the master of the world's widest estate came to claim his kingdom. This was in July, 1862.



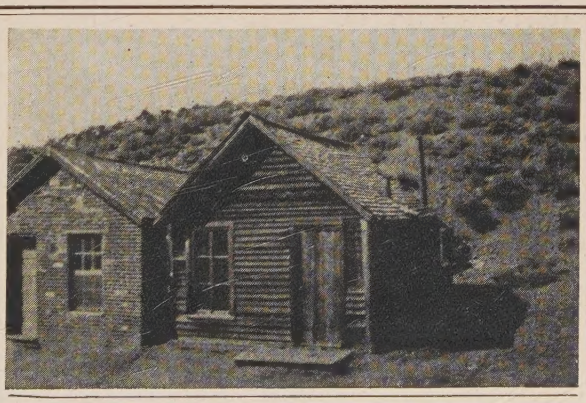
Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine

SAM CLEMENS AT EIGHTEEN

Taken about the time Mark Twain was wandering and working in New York and Philadelphia, and shortly before he became a Mississippi River pilot

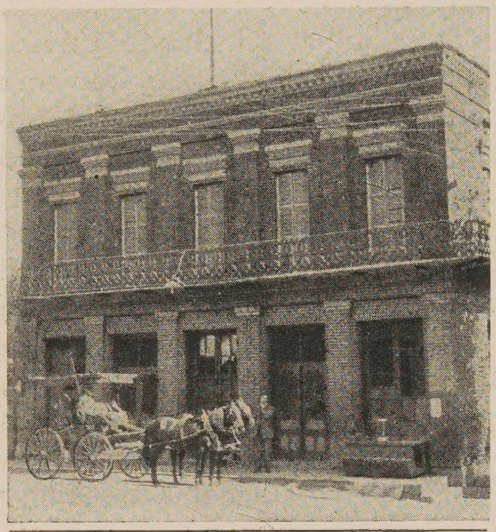
The new member fitted well into the *Enterprise* group, adding a fresh vigor of thought and expression. It was during this period that he decided upon the pen name "Mark Twain," signing it for the first time to an *Enterprise* letter appearing February 2, 1863. It quickly became known and popular all up and down the Pacific slope.

In May, 1864, Mark Twain accepted a position as reporter on the San Francisco *Call.* Presently dissatisfied, he began the more congenial work of sending a daily San Francisco letter to the *Enterprise.* His frank criticism of police officials stirred up trouble, and one day in December, 1864, he arrived at the mining cabin of Jim Gillis on Jackass Hill.



MARK TWAIN'S SHACK AT AURORA, NEVADA

A part of his Western life, which he has described so picturesquely in "Roughing It"

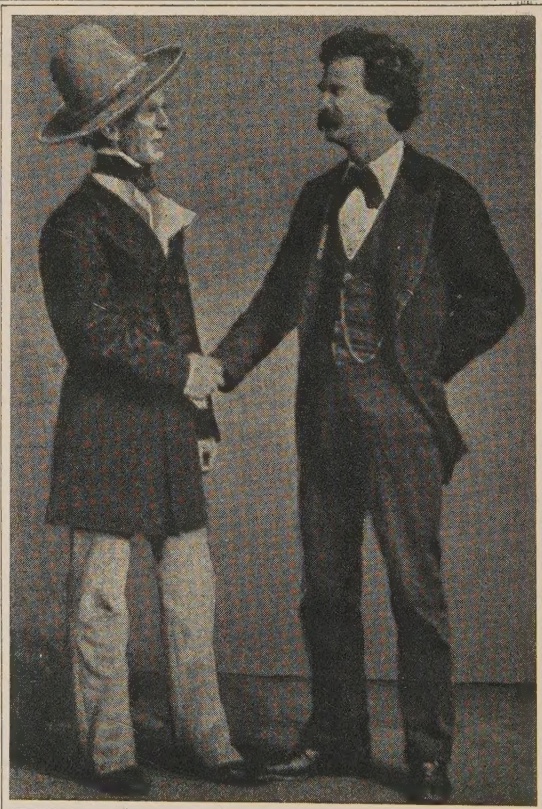


SCENE OF THE "JUMPING FROG" STORY
The Metropolitan Hotel, San Andraes, in the saloon of which occurred the "Jumping Frog" incident

At Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County, he became a miner. He did not make his fortune at this pursuit—he only laid its corner stone, for it was at Angel's Camp that he heard the story about a trained frog that failed to win a wager because the owner of a rival frog had secretly loaded down the trained jumper with shot.

A few months later, to please his fellow humorist, Artemus Ward, whom he had met in Virginia City, he wrote the frog story for Ward's forthcoming book of travels. The manuscript, arriving too late, was handed over to the editor of the *Saturday Press*, where it appeared November 18, 1865. Copied and quoted far and wide, the name of Mark Twain became known to newspaper readers everywhere. In March of the following year he went to the Sandwich Islands to do a series of letters for the Sacramento *Union*. It proved to be an eventful sojourn. Returning to San Francisco, he offered himself as an entertainer on the lecture platform, choosing as his subject the Hawaiian Islands. The lecture was a genuine triumph.

Having money now, he returned to visit his mother, after an absence of five and a half years. He also made a trip to Hannibal, where he lectured, receiving a welcome that would have satisfied Tom Sawyer himself. In St. Louis he heard of the projected "Quaker City" Holy



MARK TWAIN AND JOHN T. RAYMOND
Raymond produced "The Gilded Age" as a play. He is shown here as he appeared in the character of Col. Mulberry Sellers

Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE "QUAKER CITY," WHICH CARRIED THE INNOCENTS ABROAD IN 1867

Land excursion and resolved to join that novel ocean picnic. He wrote to the *Alta California* asking to be sent as their correspondent, and was accepted. When he went to the shipping office to see about his passage, he learned from a reporter that he was not only booked but starred as an attraction. It was his first taste of fame on the Atlantic seaboard. Meanwhile his book "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches" had appeared, and he had delivered his Sandwich Island lecture at Cooper Union, New York, to a packed house.

In "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain has told us the story of the "Quaker City" excursion to lands beyond the sunrise.

Returning to America, Mark Twain found himself, if not famous, at least in very wide repute. His letters, sent to the *Alta* and the New York *Tribune*, had carried his celebrity into every corner of America, and beyond the sea. He concluded an agreement with the American Publishing Company of Hartford to use these letters as the basis of a book which the company would sell by subscription. The result was "The Innocents Abroad."

Meanwhile he had met in New York Jervis Langdon and his daughter Olivia, father and sister of one of his companion voyagers on the "Quaker City." Olivia Langdon made a deep impression on the young author. In her Elmira home, which he presently visited, their acquaintance ripened. The proofs of his book were coming, and they read them together. She became his literary adviser—a position she would hold her life long, for on February 2, 1870, Olivia Langdon became Mrs. Samuel Clemens. On the morning of the wedding, Mark Twain received from his publishers a royalty check of four thousand dollars. Later in the day the young couple were presented by Mr. Langdon with a beautiful house, situated on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, in which city Mark Twain had become editor and part owner of a newspaper, the *Express*. Matters did not go well in Buffalo; one misfortune suc-

Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

WHERE "TOM SAWYER" WAS WRITTEN

The little summer house at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York, where Mark Twain spent many days at work

ceeded another. Clemens disposed of his Buffalo interests and went for the summer to Quarry Farm, Elmira. There conditions improved. The work on a new book, "Roughing It," went well, and he was in the clouds. In the autumn the Clemenses selected Hartford as their permanent residence. A child, Susy, was born in March, 1872.

During that autumn and the following year Mark Twain made his first visits to England. His stay each time was a continuous ovation. His hotel swarmed with celebrities. His second visit was a lecture engagement, and, during almost an entire winter, throngs filled the largest hall in London to hear him—a record in the history of lecturing. It was between these visits that, in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, he wrote the "Gilded Age." At Quarry Farm, during the summer of 1874, he began "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and did his first story for *The Atlantic Monthly*, whose editor, W. D. Howells, was to become his lifelong friend and literary adviser. The Clemenses now had a beautiful home in Hartford, but spent most of their summers at Quarry Farm, the home of Mrs. Clemens' sister, Mrs. Theodore Crane. Mark Twain's study there was an inspiring place, and there it was, in 1876, that he made a beginning on a new Tom Sawyer story, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Few of his stories were finished straightway. "Tom Sawyer" was completed in 1875, "Huck" in 1883.

To obtain material for another book of travel, Mark Twain, with his wife and two children, sailed for Europe in April, 1878. His boon companion, the Rev. Joseph Twichell, followed. Meeting at Baden-Baden, these two congenial spirits set out on a tramping trip through Germany and Switzerland. The family followed by rail, and met them here and there, when they rested from their wanderings. The Swiss holiday ended, Twichell returned home, while the Clemens party remained another year in Europe. Arriving home in August, 1880, Mark Twain plunged into the completion of "The Tramp Abroad." This book completed, he took up again one of his un-

finished stories, "The Prince and the Pauper," begun three years before. This tale, one of his favorites, was finally dedicated "To those good-mannered and agreeable children, Susy and Clara Clemens." That year (1880) a third little girl was born, whom they named Jane Lampton for her grandmother but always called her Jean. Mark Twain was now forty-five years old, his work highly successful, his income large, his fame world-wide. But he was not satisfied to "go softly." Instead, he restlessly invested large sums in enterprises that dazzled, and that had one striking family resemblance: none of them paid. Moreover, he now took steps toward becoming a publisher on his own account. Combining with James R. Osgood of Boston on "Life on the Mississippi," he installed Charles L. Webster, his nephew by marriage, as subscription manager in New York City. "Life on the Mississippi" was published in 1883.

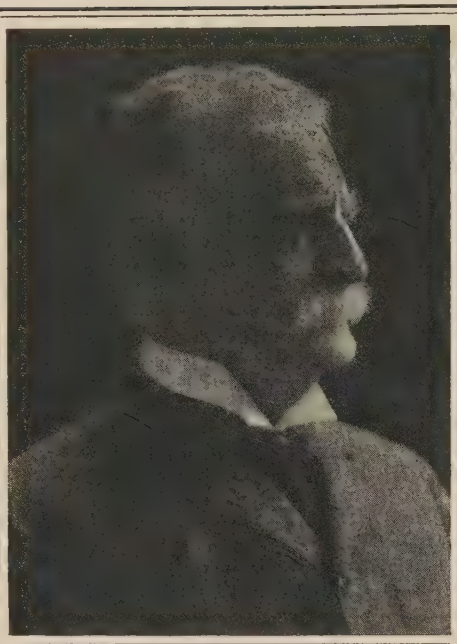
In 1884, finding his finances somewhat reduced, he persuaded George W. Cable to join him in giving public readings from their stories. The tour was a great success. In the course of their wanderings they read at Keokuk, Iowa, where Mark Twain's mother, now in her eighty-first year, came to hear them.

Upon his return from the reading circuit he embarked in a book venture, the success of which made Mark Twain's firm, Charles L. Webster & Com-

Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN AND A GROUP OF LITERARY FRIENDS

A photograph taken in Lakewood, New Jersey, in Mark Twain's later years. From left to right, the figures are W. D. Howells; Mark Twain; George Harvey; H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine;* David Munro, editor of the *North American Review;* and M. W. Hazeltine, former literary editor *New York Sun*



HENRY H. ROGERS

Former president of the Standard Oil Company and a warm friend of Mark Twain's. He straightened out affairs when Mark Twain became financially involved in 1894. At that time the author failed for $200,000, but reëstablished his fortunes in four years, and, at his death in 1910, his estate amounted to about $600,000

pany, one of the foremost in America: the publication of General Grant's Memmoirs. For a pleasing picture of the Clemens household and the truest of Mark Twain at this period (fifty years old), let us quote from a "biography" of him by Susy Clemens, then a highly romantic child of thirteen.

". . . We are a very happy family; we consist of Papa, Mama, Jean, Clara, and me. It is Papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in knowing what to say about him, as he is a very striking character. Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly; he has beautiful curly gray hair, not any too thick, or any too long, just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes, and a small mustache; he has a wonderfully shaped head and profile; he has a very good figure; in short, he is an extraordinarily fine-looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extraordinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't ware [*sic*] a beard.

"He is a very good man, and a very funny one; he has got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw, or ever hope to see, and, oh, so absent-minded."

Mark Twain's publishing venture did not maintain its great headway. He was no business man. The great success of the Grant book made it easy enough to get other books, but many of them did not pay. Then there was the Paige typesetting machine, for the manufacture of which he was supplying the inventor several thousand dollars a month. Notwithstanding these distractions, he managed to complete "A

REV. JOSEPH TWICHELL

A near neighbor in Hartford, Connecticut, and one of Mark Twain's closest and dearest friends

From a photograph made in 1906. Courtesy of Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN AND HIS BIOGRAPHER, ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, AT HIS FAVORITE GAME

Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," published by his own firm in 1889.

What with the typesetting machine and a business with growing liabilities, Mark Twain was finding it increasingly difficult to provide for the costly Hartford home. Living abroad would be much cheaper, so he decided upon European residence, and sailed with his family June 6, 1891.

During their European wanderings the Clemens family met many distinguished men and women. In Berlin, the Emperor invited Mark Twain to dinner. This invitation awed little Jean Clemens, who said:

"Why, Papa, if it keeps on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody for you to get acquainted with but God."

At Nauheim, the following summer, Mark Twain worked on "Tom Sawyer Abroad" and "Those Extraordinary Twins," the latter being the original form of "Pudd'nhead Wilson." That winter at Florence, in the Villa Viviani, he began work on the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," for which, consciously or unconsciously, he had been preparing for nearly fifty years. There came interruptions. At home a panic era was beginning. He stopped work on "Joan" and sailed for America to see if he could raise money to help Webster & Co. weather the storm. Accomplishing nothing in a business way, he was back in Florence by the end of May, often spending part of his night walking the floor in anguish of his uncertainties. Finally, in

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MARK TWAIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY DINNER, NOVEMBER 30, 1905
From left to right the figures are Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mark Twain, Rev. "Joe" Twichell, Bliss Carman, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Henry M. Alden, and H. H. Rogers

the hope of saving at least his book royalties from the wreck, he sailed for the second time that year (1893) for New York.

In this darkest hour Mark Twain met Henry H. Rogers, to whose stronger financial shoulders his crushing burdens were now shifted. Mr. Rogers promised also to look into the typesetter business. He told Mark Twain to "stop walking the floor." But even Mr. Rogers could not prevent the inevitable, and, the following April, advised the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. to make an assignment for the benefit of the creditors. Mr. Rogers represented Mark Twain in the transaction, and prevailed upon the creditors to let the author retain his copyrights. Settlement was to be made on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar, but both Clemens and his wife declared that sooner or later they would pay in full.

Back with Mrs. Clemens in France, settled in a little cottage at Etretat, he renewed work on the story of "Joan," which he finished that winter, in Paris. Arrangement for both serial and book publication was made with Harper & Brothers, and it began anonymously in the magazine. His authorship, however, was suspected almost from the beginning. Spring found Mark Twain again in America, preparing for one of the greatest platform ventures ever undertaken—nothing less than a lecture tour around the world—to restore his fallen fortunes. With Mrs. Clemens and his daughter Clara they set out on the long journey, July 14, 1895.

The lectures began at Cleveland. Arriving at Vancouver a month later, Mark Twain had a five-thousand-dollar surplus, to be forwarded to Mr. Rogers, the first instalment on a fund to wipe out the unpaid debts. In September they arrived in Australia, where his success was such that he was able to swell the debt fund at the rate of about a thousand dollars a week. From Australia the lecture party journeyed to New Zealand, Ceylon, India, and South Africa. Their tour was one prolonged ovation, a royal progress. They sailed from South Africa on the fourteenth of July, 1896, a year to the day since they had left Elmira, arriving at Southampton, England, on the thirty-first. Fourteen months earlier they had sailed from Southampton to America. Their circuit of the globe was complete.

Nearing the end of his fight against debt, with happiness once more apparently just ahead, Mark Twain now met one of life's tragedies. A cable announced the death of Susy, left behind in America.

Mrs. Clemens brought Clara and Jean back to London, where Mark Twain that winter wrote "Following the Equator," the story of his travels. Another winter and they were in Vienna, where their apartments at the Hotel Metropole (later at the Kranz) became known as the "Second Embassy." The aristocracy of the Austrian capital took delight in doing honor to Mark Twain.

It was during the first winter in Vienna that Mark Twain discharged his

Photo Brown Brothers

THE MARK TWAIN FUNERAL, APRIL, 1910—SCENE AT BRICK CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MR. GEORGE A. MAHAN
Who gave the Mark Twain home to the town of Hannibal, Missouri

great burden of debt. "Following the Equator," published in November, had been well received. With the accumulation of royalty and the profits from his long lecture tour, he was able to make the final payments to his creditors. Headlines shouted it everywhere; long editorials told the story. The failure of the typesetter, the collapse of the publishing firm, the trip around the world, the tragedy of Susy's death—these things were all reviewed, and his final triumph glorified. Mark Twain, no longer worried about finances, now gave himself up to literary work, lecturing, and social diversions. The articles he wrote in Vienna are included in his collected works; among them "Concerning the Jews," one of the finest existing essays on Hebrew character. "The Mysterious Stranger," also of Vienna, contains much of his best and most earnest writing.

The Clemens family left Vienna in May, 1899. Following a summer in Sweden, they went to London, living at first in apartments and later at beautiful Dollis Hill, an old house just outside of London, at one time occupied by Gladstone.

And now America once more called him. In October (1900), bidding good-by to foreign travel forever, as Mark Twain hoped, they sailed for New York.

His arrival was a national event. America tried to outdo Europe in paying him honor. Every newspaper was filled with the story of his great fight against debt, and his triumph. He was offered a dollar a word for his writing—he could name his own terms for lectures. Sensational offers like these did not tempt him. He confined his literary work to a few magazines, and presently concluded an arrangement with Harper & Brothers for whatever he

Tomlinson Photo, Hannibal, Mo.
TABLET ON THE MARK TWAIN HOME

might write, the payment to be twenty (later thirty) cents per word. The same firm also undertook the publication of all his books, by this time collected in a uniform edition.

Photo Anna M. Schnizlein, Hannibal, Mo.

MARK TWAIN STATUE, RIVER VIEW PARK, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

The Clemens family did not go back to Hartford. They could not bear the sorrow of Susy's absence in the familiar rooms. Instead, they took a house at 14 West Tenth Street, and, when summer came, went to a log cabin on Saranac Lake. Here Mark Twain wrote "A Double-Barreled Detective Story," a burlesque on Sherlock Holmes. That winter (1901–1902) they lived in the Appleton Mansion, at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson.

In June of the following year Mark Twain went West to receive the degree of LL.D. from the University of Missouri. This return to his native state was in the nature of a last general visit to old associations and friends, to the haunts of his Tom Sawyer days, and to the old home on Hill Street, where he was photographed standing at the front door. On his way to Columbia, a crowd gathered at each station, to cheer and wave as the train pulled in, and to offer him flowers. This was even more than Tom Sawyer dreamed. Also the great river itself joined in according him honors—the harbor boat that had been named the *St. Louis* being now rechristened the *Mark Twain*.

After triumph, sorrow—always, with Mark Twain. In August, 1902, Mrs. Clemens was taken violently ill at York Harbor, Maine. In October they brought her to Riverdale in an invalid car. A winter of deepest anxiety followed. She was sufficiently improved to make the trip to Elmira in June, and during three peaceful months spent her days reclining on the wide veranda, while Mark Twain, in his study, completed "A Dog's Tale," the last writing he would ever do there. Mrs. Clemens had sweet memories of Florence, and in October the family once more left America and took up residence in the Villa Quarto, just outside that city. For a time the invalid

Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

MARK TWAIN MONUMENT, FLORIDA, MISSOURI
Erected at the crossroads in the village where Mark Twain was born

improved, but on the evening of June 5th, a day on which she had appeared especially bright and cheerful, just as her husband was coming to say good night, she that was, as he said, the "life of his life" passed to the peace of death. They brought her to America, and, from the house where she had been made a bride, bore her to her grave beside Susy.

The rest of that sad summer was spent in a cottage at Tyringham, Massachusetts. In the autumn Clemens and his daughters Clara and Jean set up a new home at 21 Fifth Avenue, where was brought the Hartford furniture which they had not seen for thirteen years. During that summer he began "Eve's Diary," which, in spite of its humorous aspects, conveys his love and adoration for the one he had laid away. Adam's single comment at the end, "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden," was his own comment, and perhaps the most tenderly beautiful line he ever wrote.

It was at 21 Fifth Avenue that the writer of this article began his association with Mark Twain. As a boy of eight I had listened with the others, around the evening lamp, to the story, read aloud by my mother, of the "Innocents" on their long pilgrimage. From that time forward no one had meant to me quite what Mark Twain had meant.

Thirty-six years later—it was the evening of Wednesday, January 3, 1906, at a dinner given him in the Players Club—I found myself just across the table from the man who had been my literary idol since childhood. Two years before, while I was preparing the "Life of Thomas Nast," we had exchanged some letters, but there was very little in the way of acquaintance between us. Now he was here before me.

That night will always remain to me different from other nights. At

intervals throughout the dinner Charles Harvey Genung, sitting beside me, insisted that I should write a life of Mark Twain. I was not impressed by his arguments. Yet from somewhere, in the instant bidding good-by to our guest, there came an impulse which prompted me to ask if I might some day call to see him. To which something likewise prompted him to answer, "Yes, come soon."

The following Saturday I was at 21 Fifth Avenue, where I found Mark Twain propped up in bed, as was his morning custom, against great snowy pillows. He offered me a cigar, and we talked of many things, including the Thomas Nast biography. Then I found myself saying that his approval of that book had led me to hope that I might one day undertake a book with himself as the subject. I expected this to end the matter, but, after what seemed a long and ominous silence, he said that, although he had at various times been preparing autobiographical chapters, no arrangement had been made for a detailed story of this life. Then turning those piercing, agate-blue eyes directly upon me, he said:

"When would you like to begin?"

It was unbelievable, but I answered, as one in a dream, "Whenever you like. I can begin now."

"Very good," he replied. "The sooner, then, the better. Let's begin while we are in the humor."

We arranged for daily dictations, and thus it was that I became the biographer of the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—the most fortunate biographer in the world, I thought—and the years have not changed my mind.

Through Mark Twain's great love for billiards, our relations, at first chiefly of a literary nature, in time became personal as well. For Christmas he received from Mr. and Mrs. Rogers a handsome combination billiard and pool

Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

FLORIDA, MISSOURI, WHERE MARK TWAIN WAS BORN

At the left may be seen the Mark Twain monument shown on the opposite page

table. Presently the morning dictations became of secondary interest, and, like a boy, he was looking forward to our afternoon of play, which never seemed to arrive quickly enough to suit him. Any number of his friends were willing to come in for his entertainment, but it finally turned out that I was the only one who could afford to devote a number of hours each day to being beaten at billiards—and enjoy the operation. To me the intimacy of association and the personal incident growing out of it were invaluable. That winter I took up residence in his home, so that I might be handier, as he said, for billiards. After that, during most of the days and far into the night, we were together.

On the eighth of June, 1907, exactly forty years from the day he had sailed on the "Quaker City" to win his greater fame, he sailed for England to receive from Oxford University the literary doctor's degree. All of the attentions that had distinguished his former London visits could not equal what now happened to him who, as a boy, had been Tom Sawyer and played with Huckleberry Finn. Home again after an absence of six weeks, he summoned me to "come down and play billiards." With the echoes of his great triumph still ringing in my ears, I was prepared to listen to the tales of this conquering hero. I found him, however, already in the billiard-room, knocking the balls about. As I stepped in the door he said:

"Get your cue. I've been inventing a new game."

That was all. The pageant was over; the curtain was rung down; business was resumed at the old stand.

In June, 1908, Mark Twain took possession of his new home at Redding, which he named "Stormfield," such a villa as he had known in Florence, but adapted to American needs and climate. He was at home there from the moment he had seen the glowing billiard-room. We spent the first evening at boisterous, triumphant games that continued until midnight.

In June of the next year, 1909, Mark Twain developed "breast pains," as he called them, which, as the months passed, came with increasing frequency and severity. His trouble was a heart affection, angina, and at times he suffered terribly, but he never complained. If the attacks came when we were at billiards he would go on playing in his turn. Later in the year we sailed for Bermuda for a month's holiday. Five days following our return—it was the morning of Christmas Eve—his daughter Jean, the head of the house since Clara's marriage to Ossip Gabrilowitsch the previous October, died of heart failure. He bore the shock with that calm with which he met every great disaster. His last finished work, begun immediately, was "The Death of Jean," a tender and lofty tribute, published a year later in *Harper's Magazine*.

In January he returned to Bermuda, where for a time he seemed to improve. By April, however, his condition had become so serious that his doctor advised taking him home to Stormfield, and I arrived there with him on the evening of Thursday, April 14, 1910.

Just a week from that day and hour Mark Twain died. He had been asleep, and as the sun touched the horizon the noble head turned a little to one side, there was a fluttering sigh, and the breath that had been unceasing through seventy-four tumultuous years had stopped forever. The worn-out body had reached its journey's end, but his spirit had never grown old, and to-day, still young, it continues to cheer and comfort a tired world.

MY FATHER

BY MADAME CLARA CLEMENS GABRILOWITSCH

CLARA CLEMENS GABRILOWITSCH
The daughter of Mark Twain and the wife of the world-famous pianist and orchestra conductor, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, has achieved for herself a place of distinction in the musical world

It was always impossible for me to regard my father as a private person—to think of him as just my father or my mother's husband. I felt about him as I imagine a traveler feels about the Sphynx, whose very shadow pictures boundless night, and holds its own in immense areas of piled-up masses of sand. One cannot easily say how impressions of greatness creep into the mind of a small child, marking one of its daily companions with an insignia that awes or perplexes. Many an evening my father told my sister and me impromptu stories inspired by objects in the room or pictures on the wall; he also played with our kittens, and loved them as much as we did. Often, too, he played charades with us, and private theatricals, or took us on long walks. Yet rarely did I lose the feeling with my father that I was in the presence of royalty. Being very shy and noncommunicative myself as a child, I used to marvel at my father's ability to sit at the table and pour out an uninterrupted flow of words expressing his feelings on matters intimately connected with himself, in the presence often of comparative strangers, who were wide-eyed with interest and surprise. Yet this was but one side of the medal, for he could be forbiddingly reserved and locked away from the most vivacious attempts of visitors to enter his personality ever so tiny a distance. He was a constant surprise in his varied moods, which dropped unheralded upon him, creating day or night for those about him by his twinkling eyes or his clouded brows. How he would be affected by this or that no one could ever foresee.

Not having much knowledge of squirrels, my parents had permitted me to keep two in a small room on the third floor of our home in Hartford. Soon after their arrival these animals began to gnaw the woodwork, until it looked as if the walls would fall in. The maid who was supposed to take care of that room found so little pleasure in doing it that I doubted whether she ever did more than flick her dustcloth at the squirrels and run away. This was a great comfort to me, for I was certain that if it were once discovered how faithfully the squirrels were gnawing away the house I should have to bid them a helpless farewell. My father's billiard-room was on the same floor, but as that was where he worked I felt no danger from that quarter. My

mother was not likely to climb so many stairs, and my sister was afraid of squirrels, so I had just begun to feel safe with my secret when one morning I heard with trembling my father's footsteps approaching my room. The door was pulled open, and at that moment one of the squirrels jumped onto my shoulder. My father stood in the doorway, and his keen eyes rapidly took in the scene. The squirrel seemed no protection to me, although his bushy tail covered half my cheek. I would have declared that my father stared at us both for two or three minutes, then he said:

"Aren't you afraid of him?"

"No," I answered; "he only gnaws wood."

This seemed to strike my father as funny, and he laughed heartily.

"Do you like those squirrels?" he asked.

I answered a timid "yes," now fearing their lot was cast.

My father, however, then stamped himself as a man of heart in my small mind, for he said with that crystal twinkle in his eye:

"If I were you then, I would not tell on them."

In many ways he remained a boy to the year of his death. With the keenness of youth his responsive nature bloomed and blossomed with each fresh cause. The contemplation of injustice in the world, whether from individual toward individual or country toward country, gradually modified his capacity to enjoy the bright side of life, and more and more he fell to brooding until his voice came to be "a wail for the world's wrong."

Nothing could make his face light up with greater pleasure than the sight of a kitten, or call out greater tenderness from his loving nature. If I stepped

MARK TWAIN'S FAMILY IN 1884

From left to right the group includes, Susy, Jean, Mrs. Clemens, and Clara. Of these the last named is the only one living

From a private photograph, courtesy of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, New York

THE CLEMENS-GABRILOWITSCH WEDDING AT STORMFIELD, REDDING, CONNECTICUT

The ceremony took place at Mark Twain's home on October 6, 1909. The figure of Mark Twain, dressed, as always, in immaculate white, may be seen standing in the center of the picture

into his study where he was at work, and barely discernible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, he would look up and say in a sweet, half-absent tone:

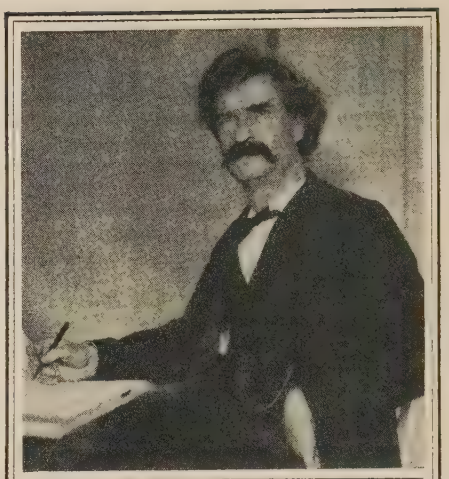
"What do you wish, dear?"

If I carried a kitten in my arms, the dreamy look would disappear from his eyes, and he would drop any work to nestle the soft ball of fur in his neck. We children were not supposed to disturb him at work, but if for any reason we were forced to I thought it expedient to be accompanied by a kitten.

On a visit to my father's birthplace this year I was much moved in noting the kind of worship the good people of that place give to every thought he expressed. Should his memory be neglected anywhere in the world, it will not be in Florida, Missouri. The simplicity of the town and its surroundings constitutes a world of its own—and one in which I can more easily imagine the birth of a genius than in the rapids of a large city. A very old man in the village played a tune for me on a wood-saw, and a lucid, melodious tune it was, coming from the strange instrument. The concert took place in the one department store of the village, where all the inhabitants had congregated to warm themselves by the large stove, it being freezing weather that day. I could easily imagine my father in this circle of warm-hearted, vivacious country people, and could hear him exchanging anecdotes for tunes on the wood-saw. For, just as he loved to play with his children and their kittens, so would he have spent boyish hours with the friends of his birth-town, merging his personality with theirs, and winning the title of comrade as well as prince among men.

MARK TWAIN AS SPEECH MAKER AND STORY TELLER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



IN PUBLIC SPEAKING HE LEFT NOTHING TO CHANCE

Mark Twain's public addresses—even his after-dinner speeches, which seemed so spontaneous—were carefully prepared in advance

Those of Mark Twain's multitudinous admirers who knew him only from the printed page unfortunately failed to have a great treat. He was a born actor, a born speech maker, as he was a born story teller; and when he was at his best his was certain to be "the speech of the evening." He was not always at his best, but his misadventures were very few indeed; and he was acutely conscious of them. He held an after-dinner speaker to a high standard; and he had trained himself in the art of speech making. However spontaneous, unpremeditated, offhand one of his successful speeches might seem, it was the result of skilful preparation. It had been thought out; and it was often written out. It had been rehearsed until every word, every pause, every gesture was exactly right. He left nothing to chance.

In the recent revised collection of his speeches, there is one address in which he set forth his idea of the duty of the speech maker and explained how to achieve artfully an apparent artlessness. He declared that the masters of after-dinner speaking had learnt their art by long observation and by slowly compacted experience, so that they knew at last what they did not know at first—that the most telling speech is not the actual impromptu, but the counterfeit of it. "They knew that the speech is best worth listening to which has been carefully prepared in private, and tried on a plaster cast or an empty chair, or any other appreciative object that will keep quiet until the speaker has got his matter and his delivery limbered up so that they will seem impromptu to an audience."

As Howells, the friend who knew him most intimately, has informed us, Mark "studied every tone and every gesture, and he forecast the result with the real audience from its result with that imagined audience." Howells also recorded that Mark, having studied every word and every syllable, "memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt-cellars, inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant sug-

gestion. Therefore it was beautiful to see him and to hear him; he rejoiced in the pleasure he gave and the blows of surprise which he dealt; and because he had his end in mind he knew when to stop."

"He knew when to stop"—that is even more important than knowing how to begin.

He was as painstaking in telling a story as he was in preparing a speech. He cut his narrative to the bone, heightening the effect of the essentials of his tale by omitting all the nonessentials. To him a story was a little play, with its beginning, its middle, and its end. Sometimes he told a story to elucidate a point he wanted to make in a speech; and sometimes he told it for its own sake, for the fun of it, and for sheer delight in his own artistry.

There is one story of Mark's which I heard him tell twice, in almost exactly the same words. In a letter of 1894 to Mrs. Clemens he described a delightful party, where after supper "the company was compactly grouped before me and I told about Dr. B. E. Martin and the etchings— My, but the Martin is a darling story!" Perhaps he was specially pleased with this tale because in telling it he followed his own advice to Rudyard Kipling: "First get the facts, and then you can distort them as you please!" And he joyed in the fact that the story was on him as much as it was on Martin.

In the summer of 1890 Mark took a cottage at Onteora Park in the Catskills, then a newly founded settlement of artists with pen and pencil. Mark was not always in Onteora, as he was frequently called to New York on business—the business of publishing, which was soon to end in disaster.

During one of his absences we had two visitors, Charles Dudley Warner, whom Mark had invited for a week, and Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, who was the guest of the Huttons.

Dr. Martin had served as a surgeon during the Civil War; and he was later the author of two books, one on the "Footprints of Charles Lamb" and the other on the "Stones of Paris." He was a gentle creature, with a charming personality; and he found favor with Mrs. Clemens and her two young daughters, and also with Warner. But at Onteora he did not have the good fortune to meet either Mark or Mrs. Warner.

MARK TWAIN AND GEORGE W. CABLE

In 1884 these two famous authors joined forces and toured the country, giving readings from their books, with enormous success in money return, but with little satisfaction to Mark Twain, who grew to hate reading his stories on the platform

This much by way of necessary exposition; and now I venture to tell the story itself in Mark's own language, with such approach to accuracy of reproduction as my memory may provide. One morning two or three months after the Onteora summer colony had dispersed, Mark was alone in an upper room of his house in Hartford when his servant announced a visitor.

Mark read the caller's card, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin. I don't know any Martin. Who is he? A book agent?" Then he rubbed his thumb across the card. "An engraved card, too! The impudence of a book agent having an engraved card! I'll go down and attend to him."

So he went down and stood in the doorway, with no cordiality in his attitude.

Dr. Martin rose from his chair and said, "Mr. Clemens?"

Mark curtly replied: "Yes, I'm Mr. Clemens."

Dr. Martin then asked if Mrs. Clemens was at home.

"No," responded Mark, still standing stiffly in the doorway. "She's out."

"And the young ladies?"

"They are out too," was Mark's chilly reply.

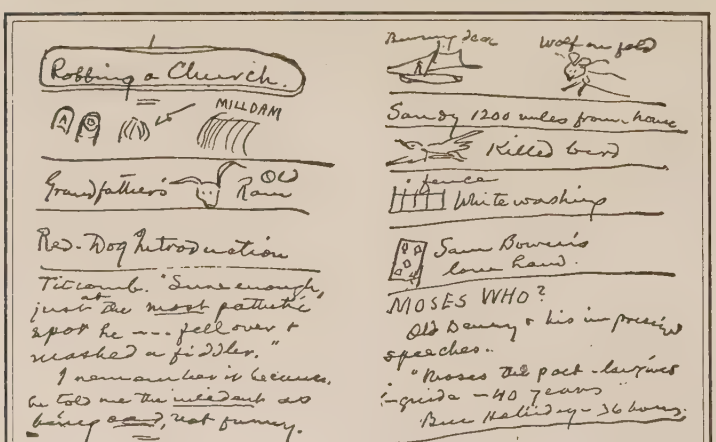
Dr. Martin ventured to hope that Mrs. Clemens was well; and Mark answered, "She's well—well enough."

"And the young ladies?"

"They are well too—well enough."

A little puzzled, the visitor sat down on the edge of his chair. Now it happened that Mrs. Clemens had taken down some etchings from the wall, intending to rehang them. Two of them were leaning against the legs of Dr. Martin's chair. To make conversation, he tilted one of them so that he could see it, saying, "This is pretty."

Mark decided that this intrusive stranger was not a book agent but a peddler of etchings. He looked at the picture Dr. Martin was holding and recognized it at once. "We've got that one," he said curtly.


Robbing a Church.
MILLDAM
Grandfather's Old Ram
Rev. Dog Petrodactation
Titcomb. "Sure enough, just the most pathetic spot he — fell over & smashed a fiddler."
I remember it because he told me the incident as being sad, not funny.
Sandy 1200 miles from home
Killed bear
fence
White washing
Sam Bowles' love Rand
MOSES WHO?
Old Danny & his immense speeches.
"Moses the poet-lawgiver"
Inquisition — 40 years
Burr Hatfield — 36 hours

A PAGE OF MARK TWAIN'S LECTURE NOTES
Showing the kind of memoranda he used to keep himself going straight on the track laid out in advance

Then Dr. Martin looked at the other etching and remarked that it was also pretty; and Mark recognized it and gleefully declared, "We've got that one too."

Whereupon Dr.

Courtesy Mrs. Robinson Locke

A HISTORIC GROUP: MARK TWAIN, PETROLEUM V. NASBY, AND JOSH BILLINGS
With Artemus Ward and Bret Harte added to this group, American humor of the middle nineteenth century would be well covered. Mrs. Locke, who owns this rare photograph, is a daughter-in-law of Nasby, David R. Locke

Martin rose and inquired if Mr. Charles Dudley Warner did not live in the neighborhood.

"Right across the way!" Mark responded, opening the door wider and swiftly escorting his visitor out of the house.

Then he went up-stairs, his heart glad within him that he had been more than a match for a peddler of etchings. But he had not got up to his own room before he began to have vague misgivings. He seemed to recall that the name on the card was not altogether unfamiliar; he had heard it somewhere.

THE SUPREME HONOR

Mark Twain in his Oxford robes. In June, 1907, the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on Samuel L. Clemens. It was a brilliant occasion, and it was the crowning honor of a long life of distinguished literary achievement

When his wife and daughters returned a few minutes later, he called over the banisters, "Livy, do we know a man named Martin?"

"Martin?" replied Mrs. Clemens, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin?"

"Yes," said Mark, rubbing the card again, "Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin."

"Of course we know him!" cried Mrs. Clemens. "He's the agreeable man we met at Onteora last summer. He was staying with the Huttons. We asked him to call if he ever came to Hartford."

"Well," said Mark sadly; "he has called."

"Youth," said Mrs. Clemens —that was her pet name for her husband—"what have you been up to now?"

"I didn't know him, Livy," Mark explained. "I thought he was a book agent, and I congealed him."

"You did?" Mrs. Clemens exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"He's over at Warner's," Mark explained. "I was delighted to tell him where the house was."

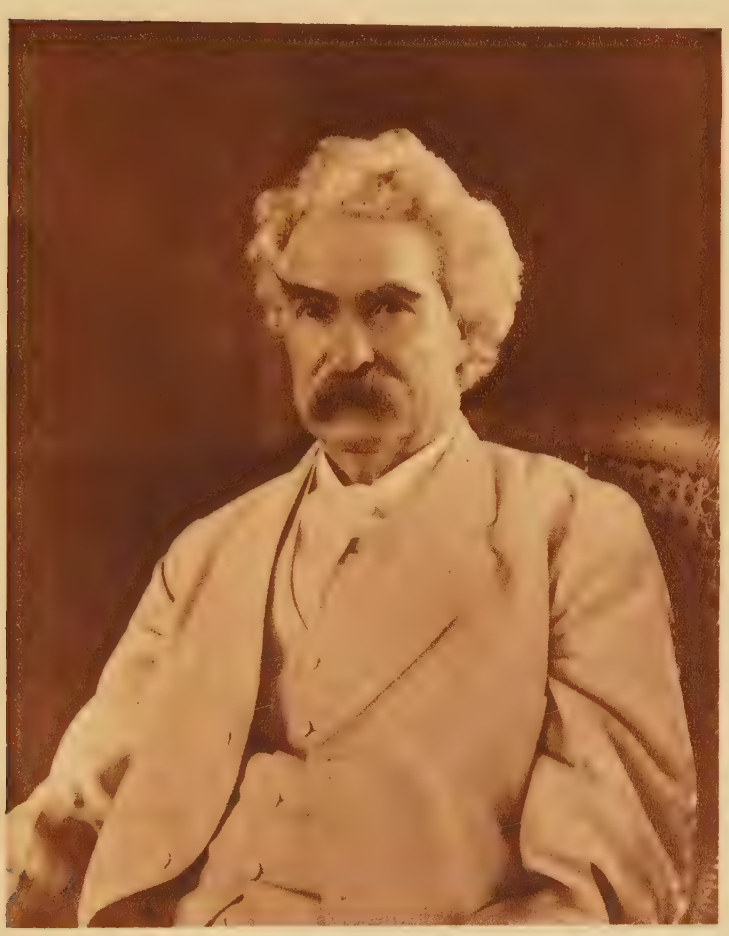
"Then you go right over and bring him back and ask him to stay for luncheon."

Mark always obeyed his wife's behest, so he promptly went across the street, not a little crestfallen.

"And when I got over to Warner's," he said in concluding the story, "there was Martin perched most uncomfortably on the edge of his chair just as he had been in my house, and there was Susie Warner sitting up as straight as the North Pole and almost as frigid. But I broke in breezily; I told Martin that Mrs. Clemens and the girls had just returned, and that they wanted him to come right over to see them and to stay to luncheon. Then Susie Warner relaxed, and said that she herself was just about to invite Dr. Martin to lunch."

THE MANY-SIDED MARK TWAIN

BY CLEVELAND RODGERS



© Paul Thompson

IN THE LATER DAYS

This is the last portrait for which Mark Twain sat, and was taken at Stormfield, the Clemens home at Redding, Connecticut, a few months before the humorist-philosopher's death in 1910

W. D. HOWELLS TO MARK TWAIN (1899): *"You are the greatest man of your sort that ever lived, and there is no use saying anything else. . . . You have pervaded your century almost more than any other man of letters, if not more; and it is astonishing how you keep spreading."*

THE MANY-SIDED MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN was simultaneously the world's greatest entertainer and one of its most poignant figures. He was humorist, philosopher, and evangel. He was one of the severest critics and yet one of the most sympathetic and understanding friends of his fellow men.

There were many Mark Twains, so many that the mere listing of them is bewildering. The original barefoot Mark Twain, who trained with Tom Sawyer's immortal gang, climbed Holliday's Hill, explored the marvelous cave, swam in the Bear Creek swimmin' hole, and ranged the Missouri countryside with Huck and Nigger Jim, is important. This Mark Twain never grew up. The boyhood of America's Peter Pan was so glorious, so full of joy, that it clung to Mark Twain, even in those days a sensitive, dutiful, mother-loving boy, who dreamed of doing big things, swore he would become rich, and quickly realized his responsibilities when his father died. It wasn't long before he began to work. This Mark Twain became a printers' devil, and in time a compositor.

Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

THE MARK TWAIN BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

In front stands the owner of the little building. He is known locally as "Dad" Violette, and is a Mark Twain enthusiast. He has given the old house to the Mark Twain Memorial Park

His amazing education began at the printers' case. Ambition kept pace with the growth of knowledge, and soon the printer of Hannibal became restless. He went far afield to St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York, but returned before long to the Mississippi country. There the call of the river became too strong, and the printer became pilot. The first important rôle Mark Twain ever mastered was that of pilot. He was a real pilot. His mastery of the intricate detail of that calling was complete, and he knew every turn and eddy in the Father of Waters.

The boy had become a man, and the pauper became a prince, for the wages of a pilot were as riches. The healthy ego expanded with confidence. The itinerant compositor turned a dandy, dressed in percales and patent leather. He was somebody and had an audience that stretched the length of the Mississippi. But the pilot soon began to feel the pull of cross-currents. A wave of humanity was sweeping westward, and Mark Twain responded to the natural urge that all his life pushed him forward in the front line of American progress.

The Mark Twain who became a pioneer and miner, a gambler with Fate in the great game that was played in the opening of the continent, was picturesque and virile, but hardly qualified by temperament to go to the end of the trail with the pioneers. Instead, he turned reporter. There was little to report in the way of news, but there was more to life than dull routine in the mining towns of Nevada in those days, and the young writer, consumed by curiosity, eager for fun, reveling in the freedom of expressing his rare personality through the medium of a newspaper, quickly made a local name for himself.

America, in the period immediately following the Civil War, was badly in need of what is known in the theater as "comic relief." Mark Twain provided this commodity in abundance. He started a contagion of laughter out beyond the Rockies which in-

creased in volume until the effete East wanted to know what the crude folks out West were laughing at. It wasn't long before the entire country was laughing at Mark Twain's humor, and asking for more.

There was plenty. Mark Twain quickly emerged as a one hundred per cent American humorist. It was inevitable that the public should want to see and hear this funny man, as well as read his stories. And so the humorist was soon a lecturer—the most popular man that ever graced a public platform. In those days humorous lecturers had to supply the diversion that is now provided by the "movies," the radio, musical comedies, the comic strip, and the newspaper funny column. Mark Twain was one of the few who could do this to the hilarious satisfaction of the public.

Mark Twain as a lecturer was more than a humorist. Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Augustin Daly, and others said that Mark Twain could have been one of the world's great actors. He *was* a great actor. In appearance he was striking, commanding. His head and carriage were superb. He was unctuous and dynamic. He was a born mimic. He blazed with fire. His voice, appealing, persuasive, had a peculiar hypnotic quality that held hearers spellbound. He made people laugh, but he could as easily bring tears.

If there was anything sacred or profane in American life that Mark Twain failed to turn into profitable amusement in those days, it has been missed by his biographers. But he wanted other worlds to conquer with laughter. He made a famous journey across the Atlantic and wrote "The Innocents Abroad," a book that convulsed two continents and is one of the rarest treats in literature.

But there were many more Mark Twains. The humorist and satirist became, in turn, serious novelist, moralist, playwright, and publisher. This last led to the advent of the most curious of all the Mark Twains. As a publisher and a business man he met with dismal failure.

There has seldom been a more engaging

© H. Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo.

THE WANDERER RETURNS AFTER MANY YEARS

In June, 1902, Mark Twain received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Missouri, at Columbia; so he made that the occasion to visit his boyhood home in Hannibal. It was a busy five days that he spent in Hannibal, visiting old friends, dining, speaking, and being photographed. He is shown here standing in the doorway of his boyhood home

figure than Mark Twain, the brilliant American ambassador-at-large to the courts of Europe. He was known and loved everywhere not only as an entertainer but also as a personage who was every inch a man, and he was respected as a student deeply interested in the more profound international problems. A hater of tyranny, a pronounced anti-imperialist who openly denounced Russian czarism, scathingly attacked King Leopold for the Congo atrocities, and supported the Boers in their fight for freedom, he was nevertheless the recipient of high honors from most of Europe's rulers.

At home there was a Mark Twain who was for years known as the "Belle of New York." The characterization was apt, for no function was complete without the sage and wit who raised after-dinner speaking to a high art. The most sought after of public speakers, this later Mark Twain was not a mere entertainer. His interest in public affairs amounted almost to a passion, and he was a protagonist in many battles over principles. He actively engaged in several campaigns, fought Tammany Hall in New York City, and was a fearless independent in national politics. History shows that Mark Twain was usually on the right side, although he did not always win. If statesmanship be correctly defined as that which produces the greatest good for the greatest number, then there was a Mark Twain who was a statesman.

Mark Twain the letter writer also ranks high. His letters, in quality, style, scope, and sheer volume, are extraordinary. They reveal Mark Twain the friend, the keen observer of men and things, the earnest worker, as well as the enthusiast, dreamer, whimsical genius, and Titan of applied energy. And what deep emotions are stirred by contemplating Mark Twain the ardent lover, the devoted husband and father, as revealed by his letters to dear ones!

Those who can only know Mark Twain through the printed word may get nearer to the real man through reading his letters than in any other way. There the man is most tender, most loving and lovely. There one comes to know the man who could not enjoy riding in a carriage because he felt sorry for the horses straining at the traces; the man who always looked wistfully after straying, friendless dogs; the Mark Twain who grieved that he should have weakened his wife's faith in her God, and pinned notes

Permission Ann . M. Schnizlein, Hannibal, Mo.

LOVERS' LEAP—A HIGH HILL TOWERING ABOVE HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

On this hillside Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn played, and on the top the religious Millerites gathered in their ascension robes one day to await the end of the world. In Mark Twain's early days a favorite bit of mischief of the boys was to roll stones over the brow of the hill and watch the results as the fragments bounded down

Permission Anna M. Schnislein, Hannibal, Mo.

THE DRAWBRIDGE AT HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

The points covered in this picture are in the very heart of the Tom Sawyer country

on the trees beneath his wife's sick-room windows, asking the birds not to sing too loudly! This was the Mark Twain who loved the beautiful and craved only the best.

There remains a host of Mark Twains. There was the little-known philanthropist who stealthily bestowed benefactions, sent poor Karl Gerhardt the sculptor to Europe to perfect his art; who helped negro students through college, gave William Gillette his start on the stage, and was the instrumentality in the most marvelous spirit-freeing experiment in history—the educating of Helen Keller.

He was an inventor of games for children. He wrote the first fiction ever composed on a typewriter. He was one of the first users of the fountain pen and the dictaphone. He installed one of the first telharmoniums. In one way or another he was interested in a steam generator, a steam pulley, marine telegraphy, a new process of engraving, in Szczepanik and his telelectroscope. He spent a good part of his life and lost a fortune backing the Paige typesetting machine, which proved a failure. He was an enthusiastic billiard player, and could find more ways of falling off a bicycle than the man that invented the device.

Mark Twain took up, one after another, a patented spiral hatpin, a food for invalids known as "Plasmon," an insurance scheme, a watch-manufacturing proposition, the running of a magazine, a system of memory training, an accordion letter-file, and a children's theater. He was always a mystic and was, at different times, absorbed in mesmerism, a system of mind cure, Christian Science, palmistry, and osteopathy. He was an anti-vivisectionist, wanted to reform the alphabet, and fought a long and successful battle for an international copyright law. In his later years he attacked Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, and argued with the fervor of a crusader that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. The study of geology was fascinating to him, and he had an avid interest in astronomy and higher mathematics.

Finally, there was Mark Twain the philosopher.

Above everything else Mark Twain was a philosopher. This is not a contradiction, for philosophy is the humor of the gods and supermen. William James, one of our foremost philosophers, once spoke of what a terrible thing philosophy would be if we couldn't forget it at times and have a little fun. Mark Twain demonstrated this truth. He taught Americans how to laugh at their

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OLD SWIMMING HOLE, NEAR FLORIDA, MISSOURI

From his earliest years, young Sam Clemens took readily to water, and, with his boyhood companions, eagerly sought the swimming pool at Florida and later in Bear Creek, Hannibal; and more especially the Mississippi. It was hard to keep him away from the great river. He was brought home once half drowned to his mother, who dosed him, put him to bed, and said: "Guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water"

own serious pretensions. In his personality he represented the submerged parts of all of us that we recognize only when others give them expression. He believed in the hereafter, but he believed more in the heretofore, and still more in the here and now. When Matthew Arnold, after listening to Mark Twain for hours, asked, "Is he never serious?" Dr. Edwin P. Parker replied, "He is the most serious man in the world." With his rich sense of humor Mark Twain combined a profound sense of truth.

He saw life as it should be, as an art, and he realized how far we fall short of making life an art. And he knew that the best we can do is "to endeavor so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry."

The test of every philosophy, as of every philosopher, is simple: Have they added to human happiness? Who can doubt that Mark Twain added greatly to the happiness of his fellow men while he lived, or that his work still lives, and will live on, to make life better, brighter, and happier for all?

Because of his terrible arraignment of mankind in "What is Man?" and the bitterness to be found in other of his works, Mark Twain has been set down by some as a cynical misanthrope who lost no opportunity to "take it out of his fellow men" in bitter and mordant fashion. It should be borne in mind that Mark Twain was not only a genius with the pen, but also with the buskin. Many of Mark Twain's moods were simply histrionic. He could not resist an opportunity to take the limelight, and any subject that absorbed him raised his temperature immediately to a point where it became necessary for him to walk to the center of the stage and sweep the house before him. All of which means that his pessimism was largely temperamental. Anyone who decides to be cynical can make a logical case out of the misery of existence. When Mark Twain got to riding that steed, he drove it hard. He was not content with anything

short of demolishing everything in sight.

When Mark Twain was seventy he received the following note from Helen Keller, the recipient of his beneficence and one of those who knew him well:

"And you are seventy years old? Or is the report exaggerated, like that of your death? I remember, when I saw you last, you said: 'If a man is a pessimist before he is forty-eight, he knows too much. If he is an optimist after he is forty-eight, he knows too little.'

"Now, we *know* you are an optimist, and nobody would dare to accuse one on the 'seven-terraced summit' of knowing little. So probably you are not seventy at all, but only forty-seven!"

Even Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind as she was, could yet see and feel that Mark Twain was not really a pessimist.

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE FIRST HOME OF HIS OWN

Mark Twain married Olivia Langdon on February 2, 1870, in Elmira, New York, and they started housekeeping in this comfortable house in Buffalo, given to them by the bride's father, Mr. Jervis Langdon

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

THE CLEMENS HOME AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

In 1871 Mark Twain moved to Hartford and built a home that became a pilgrimage place for distinguished visitors from all parts of the world

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

VIEW FROM MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY WINDOW, HARTFORD

For over twenty years Mark Twain lived, prospered, and was happy in his Hartford home, with a growing family about him and interesting neighbors close at hand: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and Mark's most intimate friend, Rev. Joseph Twichell

© Geo. Grantham Bain

AN OCTOBER MORNING IN TUXEDO, NEW YORK

On returning from a trip to England in the summer of 1907, Mark Twain dodged the crowd of autograph-fiends, reporters, and photographers that followed him closely during his last years, and settled for the autumn in Tuxedo, where he found a place in which he could rest and work quietly

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

SUMMER DAYS AT DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mark Twain loved this quiet spot and spent warm-weather weeks there in 1905 and 1906. It was there that he dictated much of his reminiscences for Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer

© Paul Thompson

THE HOME OF THE LATER YEARS

In 1905, Mark Twain purchased a property of seventy-five acres at Redding, Connecticut, and built there this beautiful house, which he called at first "Autobiography House" because it was paid for out of income from his autobiography. It was later named "Stormfield," after Capt. Stormfield, a character in one of the writer's well-known stories

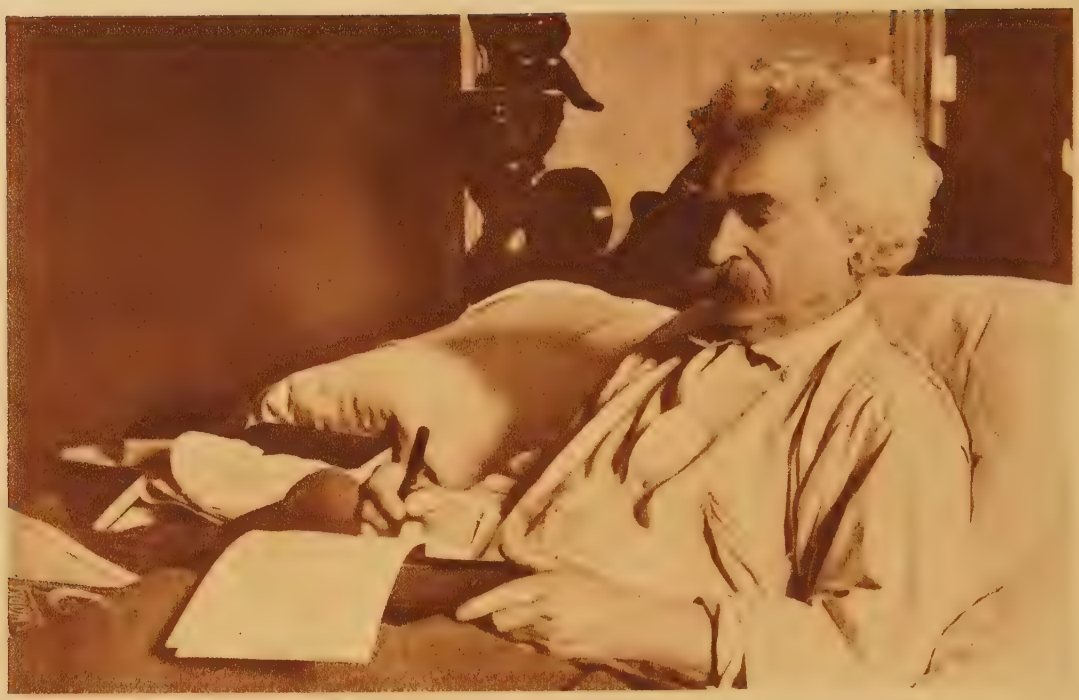
© Paul Thompson

MARK TWAIN'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas morning at Stormfield—and one of the last of his Christmas days. His "tree," fully decorated, stands in the window at the right: A toy elephant presented by Robert Collier, the publisher, stands in the center; the table is covered with boxes of cigars presented by admirers: and holly, all about, gives the room a festive, holiday appearance

© Paul Thompson

IN THE LIBRARY AT STORMFIELD, REDDING, CONNECTICUT



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A FAVORITE OCCUPATION—READING AND WRITING IN BED

Like Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain was fond of reading in bed. The large bed in his New York home, 21 Fifth Avenue, gave him at times some inconvenience on account of its size. On one occasion he lost his spectacles, and while tearing impatiently at the covers in his search, he exclaimed, "You could lose a dog in this bed!"

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain

HE PLAYED BILLIARDS BY THE HOUR

Mark Twain was passionately fond of billiards and would wear a companion out, playing far into the night, and pleading for "just one more game." In this picture we see him at the beautiful combination billiard and pool table presented to him by Mr. H. H. Rogers

© U. & U

ONE OF HIS FAVORITE COMPANIONS

Mark Twain loved animals, from elephants to kittens—and especially kittens. Nothing delighted him more than to watch kittens at play. His home usually sheltered a brood of them, to each one of which he gave some appropriate name. Two kittens—twins in gray fur—he named "Sackcloth" and "Ashes"

Photograph by Helen Schuyler Allen, Bermuda

THE LAST VISIT TO BERMUDA—AND THE LAST JOURNEY OF ALL

Mark Twain and Albert Bigelow Paine looking out over Devonshire Bay, Bermuda, November, 1909, a few weeks before the author's death. Failing rapidly, and under great pain and heart weakness, Mark Twain was brought home from Bermuda to Stormfield, and finally passed away on April 21, 1910

CONRAD PAYS TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

On his recent visit to the United States, Joseph Conrad told The Mentor of his admiration for Mark Twain, as a writer and as a man who had earned his bread on the water.

"Mark Twain was a good pilot," said Conrad. "He must have been. No man who had not done the actual work could write of steamboat life as he did."

In the late eighties, when Conrad was a young officer of the British merchant marine, he picked up a book on a London bookstall for a shilling or two.

"That was how I discovered Mark Twain," he said. "There had been talk of him in Europe long before that, of course. 'Innocents Abroad' was all the rage. But his descriptions of life in America—some of the short stories as well as the longer books—those are what count. They have life—American life. They are authentic.

"The book of Twain's that came closest to my own life was 'The Mississippi Pilot.' No; it was not called 'Life on the Mississippi.' That is the title now, certainly. But then—perhaps it was the first edition, an original; I do not know—then it was called 'The Mississippi Pilot.'"

Conrad's memory after thirty-five years is correct. There was an early edition of the book, perhaps pirated, which bore the title as he gives it.

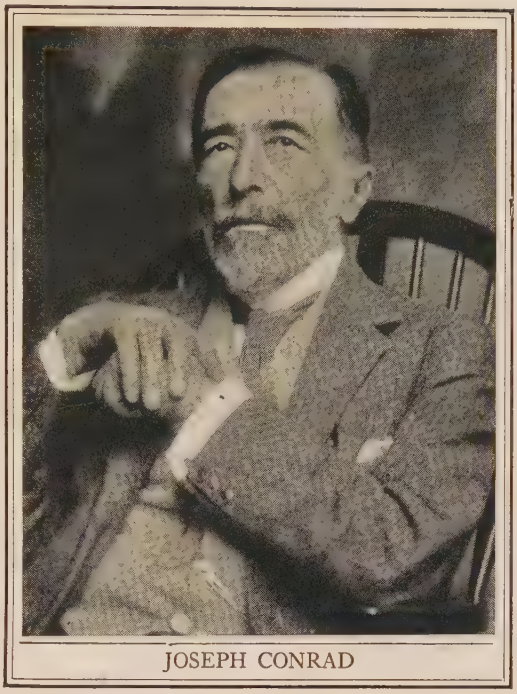
"The book had a beastly glazed cover," says Conrad. "A cardboard cover. But there was life inside it."

This was no chance volume to the young Pole, who, despite his inland birth and his ignorance of English till he was twenty, became a British mariner. Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly: a Story of an Eastern River," was begun in 1889, soon after he read "The Mississippi Pilot."

"Often," says Conrad musingly, "I thought of 'The Mississippi Pilot' and of Twain while I was in command of a steamer in the Congo and stood straining in the night looking for snags. Very often I thought of him. He understood all that sort of job."

In "Heart of Darkness" Conrad pictures the Congo: a jungle river without pilots, yet like the stream of which Mark Twain wrote. Listen to Conrad:

"Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world. . . . The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had once known—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps. . . . I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims."



JOSEPH CONRAD

Against that set this passage from "Life on the Mississippi":

"It was plain that I had got to learn the shape of the river in all the different ways that could be thought of—upside down, wrong end first, inside out, fore-and-aft and 'thort-ship'—and then know what to do on gray nights when it hadn't any shape at all."

Vision the two figures in the pilot house—one in mid-America, the other in Africa—and you will see why, with all his admiration for Mark Twain, the writer Joseph Conrad speaks with a very special feeling of fellow craftsmanship when he talks of Sam Clemens the pilot. It was a rôle that both of them had played—a life that both had described.

MARK TWAIN AND GENERAL GRANT

The first meeting of these two men—so unalike and yet destined to be closely associated—was in 1868, when Mark Twain was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He had arranged for an interview with Grant and had looked forward to it with lively expectations, but when he gazed into the imperturbable, square, smileless face of the soldier he found himself, for once in his life, with nothing particular to say. Grant nodded to him and waited in silence. At length Mark Twain's native resources came to the rescue.

"General," he said, "*I* seem to be a little embarrassed. Are *you?*"

That broke the ice, and all went well with them thereafter.

In 1879, eleven years later, they met again. In the meantime Mark Twain had become world famous, while General Grant had been President of the United States twice, and had made a splendid tour of the world, receiving an ovation in every land.

On his return, a magnificent reception was given to him in Chicago by the Army of the Tennessee, and the greatest men of the country were there to pay him tribute—Mark Twain among them.

Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, was host, and when Mark Twain came in he introduced him to Grant. The general greeted him gravely; then, looking Mark calmly in the eye, said, "Mr. Clemens, *I* am not embarrassed, are *you?*" So he recalled their first meeting years before.

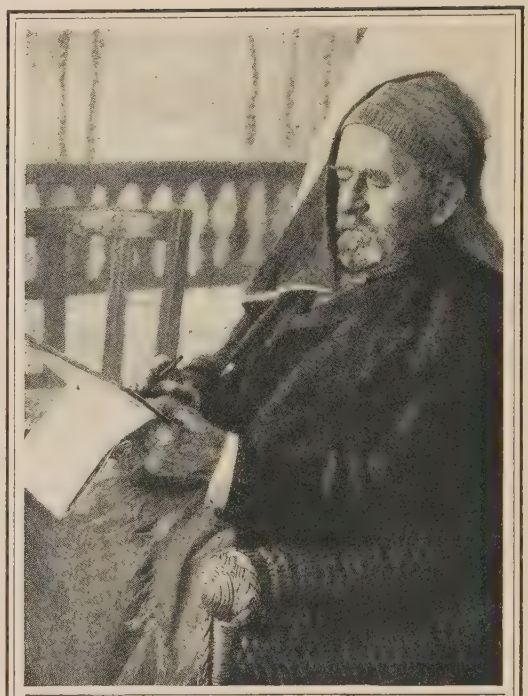
On that night, when Logan, Hurlbut, Vilas, Woodford, Pope, Robert G. Ingersoll, and other brilliant men spoke, Mark Twain, although he was not called on until 2:30 in the morning, at the end of a long list of speakers, was the bright particular star. Mark Twain had responded at many public dinners most happily to the toast "The Ladies," but for this occasion he chose, by characteristic whimsical fancy, the subject "The Babies." His opening words were:

"We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies *we stand on common ground.*"

At this the tired audience waked up and, with each sentence, the enthusiasm of the assembly grew visibly and audibly.

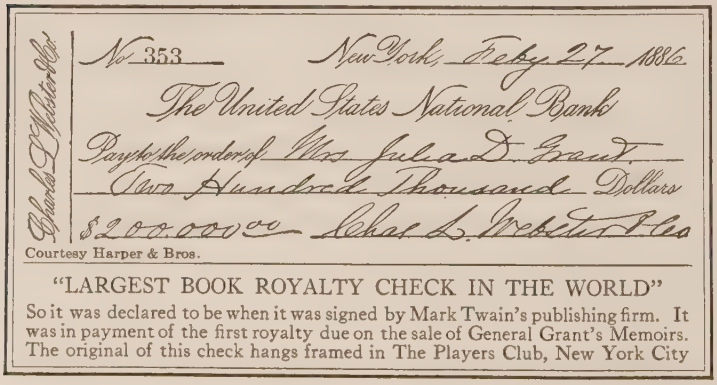
When he reached the beginning of his final paragraph, "Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are," the vast audience waited breathless for his conclusion. Then he delivered the opening of his final sentence:

"And now in his cradle,



GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS MEMOIRS

From a photograph taken at Mount McGregor during the last months of his life



No 353 New York, Feby 27 1886

The United States National Bank

Pay to the order of Mrs Julia D. Grant

Two Hundred Thousand Dollars

$200000 00 Chas L. Webster & Co

Courtesy Harper & Bros.

"LARGEST BOOK ROYALTY CHECK IN THE WORLD"

So it was declared to be when it was signed by Mark Twain's publishing firm. It was in payment of the first royalty due on the sale of General Grant's Memoirs. The original of this check hangs framed in The Players Club, New York City

somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago."

He paused; and the vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all, he seemed likely to overdo it—to spoil everything with a cheap joke at the end.

No one ever knew better than Mark Twain the value of a pause. He waited long enough to let the silence become absolute, then, wheeling to Grant himself, he said, with the dramatic power of which he was master:

"And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who *will doubt that he succeeded!*"

The crowd responded with a roar of appreciation. Even Grant's iron serenity broke, and he shook with laughter.

GENERAL GRANT

From a photograph taken at the close of the Civil War

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During the years that followed, the soldier-President and the philosopher-humorist became great friends. Then came the great episode that crowned Mark Twain's career as a publisher and closed the career of the general.

Mark Twain had often urged Grant to write his reminiscences, but the general had modestly disavowed all claim to literary attainments. He might make a few notes that his children could shape into memoirs after his death—that was all he would consider. In 1884, however, when Grant's fortunes came to disaster in the financial crash of Grant & Ward, the thought of capitalizing his reminiscences made a strong appeal to him. It was then that Mark Twain came to him and said: "General, if you have actually determined to write your memoirs, they belong to *me*."

Mark Twain had established a publishing business under the name of Charles L. Webster & Company, which had made a brave and successful start with his own books. "General," he said, "if you will place your book with my firm, I will pay you twenty per cent of the list price, or, if you prefer, I will give you seventy per cent of the net returns, and I will pay all office expenses out of my thirty per cent."

Grant finally consented, accepting the plan that provided for seventy per cent of the net profit.

Shortly after, the general developed a serious illness—cancer of the tongue—which finally carried him away. There followed then a few months of superb fortitude and glorious sacrifice during which General Grant fought against death to finish the memoirs that were to provide an income for his family. In the summer of 1885 General Grant, in a dying condition, was taken to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, and there, growing weaker day by day, he completed the last pages of his memoirs; and a few hours later closed the last chapter of his life.

The Grant Memoirs were a tremendous success from the start. Within two months after subscription agents had gone to work—that is to say, by the first of May, 1885—orders for sixty thousand sets had been received.

In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of the two volumes were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first check of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty check in history. Mark Twain's prophecy had been almost exactly verified.

This was the high-water mark of Mark Twain's publishing life. It would have been well for him if all his publishing ventures had been as successful. But that is another story.

MARK TWAIN AS HIS PHYSICIAN KNEW HIM

BY CLARENCE C. RICE, M. D.

EDITORIAL NOTE: It was Dr. Rice who introduced Mark Twain to Mr. H. H. Rogers in 1894, when the fortunes of the writer had failed—a valuable friendly service, for through Mr. Rogers' aid Mark Twain's affairs were straightened out. Dr. Rice contemplates writing his reminiscences of a long-time friendship with Mark Twain, of which the following is a foretaste.

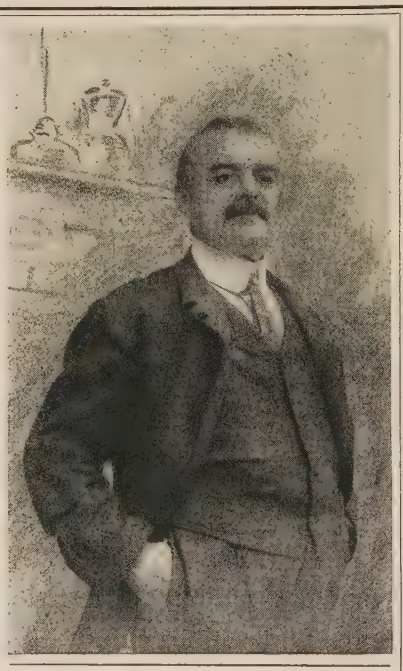
He was marvelous in his versatility. At one time simple as a child in his actions and speech, and again the wisest of philosophers, who could join swords with and vanquish the most astute in debating scientific and economic subjects.

He was very fond of arguing, and on one of our yachting trips Mr. Thomas B. Reed, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, undertook to belittle Mr. Clemens' opinion on some political happening in Washington. The debate became very spirited, and Mr. Clemens easily came out ahead. After this we noticed that Mr. Reed was extremely careful in engaging Mr. Clemens in verbal controversy.

Mark Twain's knowledge of topics, seemingly entirely out of his usual thought, was always a source of amazement to his intimate friends.

He is usually styled the greatest of American humorists, and he was easily that, not only because of his witticisms, but because his soft drawling and partially nasal voice provoked laughter even when he was engaging in ordinary conversation. He spoke a different language from the ordinary man, coining words which were exclusively his own.

He was most humorous when, without effort, he was talking to a few friends, and, conversely, he was least funny on some few occasions when he was on dress parade and was expected to make an audience laugh.



DR. CLARENCE C. RICE

I remember on one such occasion, when he felt he had not scored heavily with his speech, and was very depressed in consequence, he said: "Oh, Rice, that was poor stuff; why didn't I give them one of your yarns and admit I was licked! I knew when I got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning that my talk to-night would be a failure."

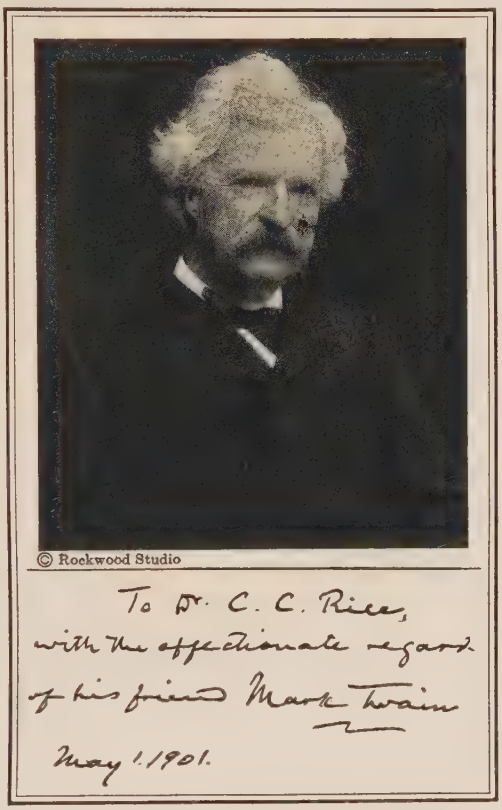
He had two voices, two styles of speech and delivery: the humorous, slow-spoken drawl, and, on rare occasions, the loud and sonorous voice of the eloquent orator.

I knew him first as a patient, and later, I am proud to say, as an intimate friend. He never was a tractable patient, because, no matter what was his ailment, he persisted in smoking all day and most of the night. When he slept at my house, I used to go into his bedroom to see that, if he was asleep, his cigar was not setting fire to himself or the bed. His pockets were filled with cigars, which he offered liberally to his friends. These cigars were so inexpensive and so unattractive in appearance, and his intimates made such fun of them, that he, in self-defense, named them the "Prize Jewels." I remember asking him, "Aside from their merit, Mr. Clemens, why are they called 'Prize Jewels'?" He said, "Because they were made by Pliny Jewel of Hartford." "Is he still making these cigars, and where is Jewel located?" I asked. "He is dead, but I don't know which place he selected. Both places have their attractions—Heaven for Climate, and Hell for Society—but I think his punishment for making these cigars must be a sentence to the latter place."

We were playing old-style carom billiards that night, down at 21 Fifth Avenue; he was tremendously fond of the game—usually pocket billiards. He played well and disliked very much to be beaten. He was always in a serious mood when playing, and if he failed to make his shot he used language which has since been adopted in golf. This particular night, after I had made a run, I

said, "Mr. Clemens, I made twenty." He said, "I don't think you did; you made about three, and God made seventeen" (a new name for a "scratch").

One evening, up in my library, I was hearing my son's spelling lesson for the following day. Mark Twain was smoking and reading alongside of us. The boy's knowledge of his lesson was on the minus side, and so I corrected him with some impatience. When the lesson was over and the boy had gladly left the room, Mr. Clemens said: "Doctor, you are a fine teacher, a God-given instructor, but may I tell you one thing: do you know I hate those fools who spell correctly? I once won a plated watch chain in a spelling contest, and I have never amounted to anything since."



One day he said to me: "I must buy some shirts. I had thirty but find by actual count that twenty of them are in Hartford and ten in Elmira. Now where shall we get a new supply? I should like some gaudy ones." (Gaudy was a word he loved.) "Leave it to me," I said, "and I will find the place and the shirts." I told some of his friends of his need, and they jumped at the chance to send styles of their own choosing. The next few days the frequent ringing of the bell meant shirts and more shirts—dozens of them, varying from modest tones to colors that would have delighted a negro minstrel. He certainly wore some rare specimens for a time, until he commenced to live with more civilized people. He said: "How shall I show my appreciation to my kind friends who perhaps have robbed themselves to furnish me with these garments? I don't sleep nights thinking they themselves may be in want. How can I repay them?" At last he said, "I have the remedy," and he selected one of the most flamboyant patterns for each of the donors and wrote with indelible ink on the shirt front a few appropriate words of thanks, over his signature. I had my "copy" for a long time.

I am writing of only a few months of the many years of my acquaintance with Mark Twain. The Mentor asked me to "write about Mark Twain as a physician speaks of his patient." I cannot do that very well, because he was never ill—just colds. Sometimes he stayed in bed all day because he enjoyed reading and writing lying down. He was always reading, and seemed to enjoy any kind of printed page, from a child's school book to an almanac. I would take his temperature occasionally, but he generally insisted that it was only a bluff and that the thermometer was put in his mouth to keep him from talking. He told me the old yarn of the patient who obtained a prescription from a physician, and, after looking at the paper anxiously, asked how much the medicine would cost. "About two dollars," said the medicine man. "Well, Doctor, will you lend me the two?" The doctor was indignant because of the waste of his time, loss of fee, etc., but finally said: "Here are the two dollars—you need the remedy; but give me the prescription; I want to make an alteration." The patient watched the doctor as he used his pencil on the pad and asked, "What did you do to that prescription?" "I scratched out the nerve tonic," said the doctor, "you won't need that." Mr. Clemens observed: "I have always admired that man. That was a noble piece of graft—an easy way of getting two dollars. I have thought of trying the game on you, but have never seen the time when I thought you had two dollars."

There are scores of most interesting incidents in my mind relating to Mark Twain, for his actions and conversation were a constant surprise. It was a great honor to have been counted one of his friends.

MARK TWAIN AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE, 1870

ONE LOVE OF A LIFETIME

OLIVIA LANGDON AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

He called her "Livy," and she called him "Youth," and they were happy together for thirty-four years. Her full name was Olivia Langdon, and she was the sister of Charley Langdon, one of Mark Twain's companions on the "Quaker City" when the "Innocents" sailed "Abroad."

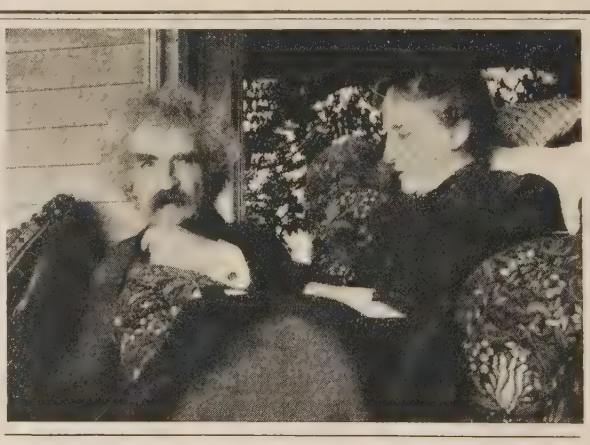
During that trip, Charley showed Mark Twain a dainty miniature picture of his sister. It caught the young writer's fancy.

Some time after the return of the "Innocents" Mark Twain was invited to meet the Langdon family, and then he saw the lovely face of the miniature. Olivia Langdon was twenty-two years old at the time. She was at first dazed and fascinated by the rising young genius, then, as his devotion to her became apparent, she conceded, first, admiration, then affection, and finally love. Jervis Langdon, her father, a well-to-do merchant of Elmira, accepted Mark Twain as a suitor from the start and remained his staunch admirer and friend.

There were some doubts at first, as usual, but the continued success of Mark Twain soon brought the Langdon household to a realization of the true value of the man who had asked to join their family.

The wedding took place on February 2, 1870, and the plan of the young people was to go to Buffalo, where Mark Twain was engaged in newspaper work, and take up a modest residence in a boarding house. At least that was Mark Twain's understanding of the matter. When, however, the day after the wedding, the bride and groom arrived in Buffalo, they found a luxurious sleigh at the station waiting to convey them to the "boarding house" the groom had picked out. They drove and drove, and finally turned into fashionable Delaware Avenue and stopped before an attractive house. The doors were open and inside was a fairyland of lights. There stood all their friends. They were led through beautiful rooms newly appointed and furnished. The bridegroom was dazed and unable to understand the meaning of it all, until his young wife, with her hand on his arm, said, "Don't you understand, Youth, it is all *ours*—everything—a gift from Father." Still he could not understand it until Mr. Langdon brought them a little box and, opening it, handed them the deeds.

Then came the true Mark Twain touch. "Mr. Langdon," he said slowly, "whenever you are in Buffalo, if it is twice a year, come right here. Bring your bag and stay overnight if you want to. It won't cost you a cent."



AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Mark Twain and his wife at Quarry Farm during the last year of her life

Thirty-four years of ideal companionship, followed, the happiness of which is beautifully attested by these lines, written on one of Mrs. Clemens' birthdays:

LIVY DARLING: Every day we live together adds to the security of my confidence that we can never any more wish to be separated than we can imagine a regret that we were ever joined. You are dearer to me today, my child, than you were upon the last anniversary of this birthday; you have grown more and more dear from the first of those anniversaries, and I do not doubt that this precious progression will continue on to the end.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY EDGAR WHITE

Hannibal, Missouri, a bustling, wide-awake American city of over twenty thousand, would never be recognized to-day as "the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg" of Tom Sawyer's day. Indeed, in later years when Mark Twain visited the town of his boyhood he expressed surprise and admiration for its improved appearance and progressiveness.

The mile-wide Mississippi is magnificent there, with "Pirate's Island" just across from the railroad yards, and Lovers' Leap, and Holliday's Hill to the north, blocking the further progress of Main Street, for Hannibal was a "Main Street town in the reign of "Tom" and "Huck" and "Injun Joe."

Nature made Hannibal a playground for youth at the cost of not one cent to the municipality. The hand of man could not improve upon it.

It provided a towering hill down which great boulders could be started, to land on the street far below with a delicious crash. It created bays and islands, fishing holes and swimming pools, far-reaching stretches of gloomy woodland, crevices and hollows, and capped it all with a mysterious cave that had no end! "It was said that one might wander days and nights together through its intricate tangle of rifts and chasms, and never find the end of the cave."

Photo by E. H. Frazer, Hannibal, Mo.

WHERE MARK TWAIN BEGAN TO WORK

It was in a printing office on the second floor of this building on North Main Street, Hannibal, Missouri, that Mark Twain started to earn money. The four second-story windows show the office

Photo by E. H. Frazer, Hannibal, Mo.

OFFICE OF JOHN M. CLEMENS

The father of Mark Twain was justice of the peace, and occupied this little old office in Bird Street, Hannibal, Missouri, about 1840

Some years ago the writer sauntered through the town one day in quest of some comrades of Clemens' boyhood. He was directed to a certain official, Mr. Blank, who pleasantly said: "Sure, I knew Sam, but he was much older than I was, and I didn't run with his crowd. I'll tell you what: you see Colonel ——. He'll tell you all about the sort of boy Sam was."

The colonel was found in his law office. He was not enthusiastic.

"Why do you fellows keep pestering me about Sam Clemens?" he demanded. "Of course I knew him, but not intimately, because he was a good deal older than I was. I tell you what: you see Mr. So-and-So; he's about the right age and can tell you what you want to know."

© Tomlinson, Hannibal, Mo. Courtesy Harper & Bros.

THE HOME OF "HUCKLEBERRY FINN," HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

The hunt was narrowed down to Doc Buck Brown, who cheerfully admitted he knew Sam well, and that he was a few years older than Sam. Quite an interesting talk followed, the visitor frequently referring to the "distinguished humorist" and "famous world character," as novices do. Finally Doc Brown revolted.

"Oh, I don't know as Sam was such great punkins," he said; "I beat him spelling once at the Friday-night match."

"How was he as a schoolboy, Doc?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Pretty smart?"

"I don't know. The bright boy in our school was Sam Raymond. When there were visitors the teacher would always call on Raymond to set off the fireworks."

"How did Raymond come out in after life?"

"Fine! When he grew up he became a typesetter."

Squire Clemens' little justice office near the river remains as a landmark for one of Mark Twain's most gruesome stories told in "Innocents Abroad." One night, when out late, he didn't care to risk trying to run the blockade at home, so he slipped into his father's office and laid down on the sofa, intending to pass the night there. The moonlight entering the eastern window revealed the presence of another occupant of the office—a dead man who had been brought in to await an inquest by Squire Clemens in the morning!

"In going out I took most of the sash with me," said Mark Twain, candidly admitting the effect the sight had on his youthful mind.

Some few years before the death of Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan of Hannibal purchased the Clemens house, and presented it to the city as a permanent memorial. It is kept in as near as possible the same shape as when the family occupied it. The little back yard is there, almost exactly as when Jim Wolf, the printer boy, undertaking to shoo away the cats, fell through the grape trellis and landed on the hot candy Parmela and her girl friends put out there to cool. Mrs. Mary Wirtz, the matron, is asked so often by tourists about the "cats" that she has one as a regular attaché of the house to satisfy their curiosity.

The McDaniel store, on the corner of Rock and Main Streets, figured importantly in the life of the Tom Sawyer gang. Mr. Mahan tells the story of the ancient store.

"I got it from Mark Twain himself on one of his visits back here," stated Mr. Mahan. "You will notice something distinctive about the building—the peculiar style of architecture, peculiar even for the early days. Mr. Clemens said it was built or put up along in the forties, the various sections being made in Cincinnati all ready to assemble on arriving.

Each piece was marked on a diagram so the builder would know how to put it together. The material came by boat, as there were no railways in these parts then. You notice on the front and side are some vertical sections that look like they may have been intended to represent pillars. When Clemens was here he said the boys could understand in a vague way why a man might want to put up phony pillars to set his house off, but they couldn't see why he'd go to the expense of having 'em fluted.

"Then something seemed to strike him, for he solemnly motioned me to stand where I was. He walked briskly across the street, and entered the old store. Presently he returned with a sack in his hand, which he held out to me. He remarked, as if stating an important historical fact, that he'd been *buying candy at that store for sixty years*."

The Hannibal *Journal*, edited by Orion Clemens, was published on the second floor of the three-story brick building on Main Street. So well is Hannibal up on the story of how young Clemens "spoiled" a watermelon one day by dropping it on the head of a friend below that they can point to you the exact window from which the melon started on the downward flight, which they say was the extreme south window.

Perhaps the most relentless character ever created by Mark Twain was "Injun Joe," the savage half-breed of Hannibal. Readers of Tom Sawyer will remember him well.

But Doc Brown—referred to previously—declared he knew "Injun Joe" well, and that he was not a bad man at all. He said he ran with the boys and helped them in hunting rabbits and 'possums, and showing them good places to fish. "Injun Joe" finally became a deck hand on the ferryboat, he said, and died of pneumonia.

When the Mark Twain statue was erected in River View Park at Hannibal, a question arose about the word "humorist" in the inscription. The monument committee favored it, but Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine opposed it on the ground that Mark Twain's career was far greater than that of a "humorist."

While the matter was being discussed, the writer asked Mr. Mahan how he would classify Missouri's noted son.

"A citizen of the world," replied Mr. Mahan. "That is big enough to cover the matter, for all the world loved Mark Twain." Then he added:

"Take him as a whole, I would say Mark Twain was a man who invested lavishly in humanity's stock, and made the dividends payable to the world."

Photo by E. H. Frazer, Hannibal, Mo.

WHERE MARK TWAIN BOUGHT HIS CANDY — The McDaniel store, on the corner of Rock and Main Streets, Hannibal, Missouri, near Mark Twain's boyhood home. It figured importantly in his early life and in the story of Tom Sawyer. It still stands in about the same condition as it was when built in the forties

Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

HIGHWAY BRIDGE, MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL PARK, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL PARK

During the year 1923 a Mark Twain Memorial Park was created, consisting of one hundred and six acres of land adjoining the village of Florida, Missouri, where Mark Twain was born and where he played and hunted when a boy. An organization has the matter in charge, and the schools, newspapers, and Mark Twain societies in all the towns of the state are raising the fund required to establish the park and maintain it in a style worthy of the man whose memory it will keep green.

A twelve-year-old camp-fire girl, Ruth Lamson of Moberly, suggested the idea of a park. Ruth and her comrades had enjoyed their vacation amidst the fascinating scenery along the little river for several years, the guests of M. A. Violette, owner of the Mark Twain birthplace at Florida. Mr. Violette had put up several rustic camping houses for the girls, and of course they called him "Dad," which he accepts as a mark of affection—as it is.

"Dad" Violette's camp-fire girls were not the pioneers, however, in discovery that the Salt River country was the prettiest and most rugged in northern Missouri. Sam Clemens made it the playground of his youth, when he would spend his summers at Florida as the well-loved guest of his remarkable uncle Judge John A. Quarles. The Clemens family lived in Hannibal then.

Judge Quarles ran a store at Florida, and owned a farm near the place. In his autobiography Mark Twain gave a pretty fair inventory of that store from memory, and the prices at which articles were sold. He recalled that, "if a boy bought five or ten cents' worth of anything, he was entitled to half a handful of sugar from the barrel." If the customer were a woman, she was entitled to a spool of thread with her purchase. If a man bought some goods—no matter how trivial—his "prize" was a drink of whisky. Whisky sold then (from 1830 to 1840) at ten cents a gallon!

The author of "Innocents Abroad" returned in his last years to the old Missouri playground, the woodlands they are going to transform into a beautiful park in his honor. In one of his most famous addresses—on the celebration of his attaining three-score years and ten—he voiced his vision of the old playground.

"I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks' purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumacs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle

of the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging amongst the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted; and the papaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain of hickory nuts and of walnuts upon my head when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them when the gusts of wind loosened and sent them down."

"Dad" Violette saved the Clemens home some ten years ago when the owner was about to wreck it for firewood. He bought and repaired it, all but a lean-to, which had rotted too badly to restore. When Mark Twain saw the house on one of his later visits to Florida he commented upon the absence of the lean-to. He remarked that the little house was in better shape than when he saw it after he moved to Hannibal.

Miss Ruth Lamson spoke of the park idea to "Dad" Violette, who immediately became interested. The girl's father, Frank B. Lamson, is secretary of the Moberly Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Lamson decided that, as Mark Twain had been a printer and newspaper man, the men of those crafts should take hold of the matter. The result was the organization of the Mark Twain Memorial Association.

Mr. Violette has agreed to give the Mark Twain home for the park, together with its valuable contents of pioneer relics. There are two Seth Thomas clocks, one said to be one hundred and thirty-five years old and the other one hundred years. There is an old spinning wheel, also Indian axes, arrow heads, ancient guns and swords, and so on.

In a prominent place in the park it is proposed to erect a statue to represent "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn." The entrance by way of Florida will be through an imposing gateway, the arch overhead bearing the inscription, "Mark Twain Memorial Park."

The Mark Twain Park Association was granted a decree of incorporation in February. The development scheme, as worked out by Horace Major, the University of Missouri landscape artist, includes roads, buildings, landscaping, electric lights, waterworks, and other interesting features.

Newspapers, schools, and interested individuals in Missouri are working enthusiastically over this beautiful memorial to the man who laughed through life, and who made so many millions of his fellow men laugh—and think.

Miller Studio, Moberly, Mo.

A BEAUTIFUL VISTA IN THE PARK, SHOWING CAMPING HOUSES

GLEAMS OF MARK TWAIN HUMOR

Selected Incidents and Anecdotes Reflecting the Unique Character and Whimsical Quality of the Humorist

In England he was asked why he always carried a cheap cotton umbrella. He answered: "Because that's the only kind of umbrella that an Englishman won't steal"

Even as a child Mark Twain gave glimpses of the first outcroppings of the original genius that would one day amaze and entertain the nations. At bedtime he would sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventures, tales that caused his listeners to wonder why the lightning was restrained so long. Friends of his mother asked her if she believed anything the child said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold. Sammy is a well of truth, but you can't bring it all up in one bucket."

✣ ✣ ✣

One Sunday morning, during his early married life in Buffalo, Clemens noticed smoke pouring from the upper window of the house across the street. The owner and his wife, comparatively newcomers, were seated upon the veranda, evidently not aware of impending danger. The Clemens household thus far had not called on them, but Clemens himself now stepped briskly across the street. Bowing with leisurely politeness, he said:

"My name is Clemens; we ought to have called on you before, and I beg your pardon for intruding now in this informal way, but your house is on fire."

✣ ✣ ✣

The Clemens home at Hartford was next door to that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mark Twain and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were the best of neighbors.

Mrs. Stowe was leaving for Florida one morning, and Clemens ran over early to say good-by. On his return Mrs. Clemens regarded him disapprovingly:

"Why, Youth," she said, "you haven't on any collar and tie."

He said nothing, but went up to his room, did up these items in a neat package, and sent it to Mrs. Stowe by a servant, with a line:

"Herewith receive a call from the rest of me."

✣ ✣ ✣

Mark Twain was often subjected to the importunities of young and aspiring authors who sought his advice and, in some cases, asked him to read their manuscripts. One of these had accompanied his request with an inquiry as to the right diet for an author, asking Mark Twain if it was true, as Professor Agassiz had said, that fish was good brain food. Mark Twain replied as follows: "Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a *couple of whales* would be all you would want for the present. Not

© New York Times

IN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT NOBILITY AND ROYALTY HONORED HIM

© New York "Times"

"IN ENGLAND EVEN THE HORSES LAUGHED, AND THE BRONZE LIONS OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE SIMPLY ROARED"

According to the caricaturist, everybody and everything in England enjoyed Mark Twain hugely until he really cracked a joke—and then, according to the artist, they were puzzled

the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales."

✣ ✣ ✣

In the summer of 1889, Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling first met. Kipling, who had just begun to make his name known, was touring the world, and during his trip through the United States he went to Elmira especially to see Mark Twain. The account of the little visit and interview is described by Mark Twain as follows:

"Kipling spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me—and the honors were easy. I believe that he knew more than any person I had met before, and I knew that he knew that I knew less than any person he had met before—though he did not say it, and I was not expecting that he would. . . . He is a most remarkable man—and I am the other one. Between us we cover all knowledge: he knows all that can be known, and I know the rest."

✣ ✣ ✣

A habit of which he was specially fond was that of reading and writing in bed. One day a reporter who had permission to interview him called while he was in bed. At the doorway the reporter paused, and Mrs. Clemens asked her husband through the half-opened door, "Youth, don't you think it would be a

little embarrassing for him—your being in bed?"

Mark Twain's easy, deliberate voice replied, "Why, Livy, if you think so, we might have the other bed made up for him."

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During the last few years of his life, while living in the beautiful home that he had built at Redding, Connecticut, Mark Twain was visited by burglars. Their enterprise was a failure, for they were caught red-handed and turned over to the law. Mark Twain then tacked on the front door: "NOTICE to the Next Burglar: There is nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You will find it in that brass thing in the dining-room over in the corner by the basket of kittens. If you want the basket, put the kittens in the brass thing. Do not make a noise; it disturbs the family. You will find rubbers in the front hall by that thing which has the umbrellas in it; chiffonier, I think they call it, or pergola, or something like that. Please close the door when you go!"

✣ ✣

Mark Twain had a curious fondness for calculations, and for diversion often turned to mathematics. At such times he would cover pages with his ciphering, usually arriving at the wrong results. One night in his home at Riverdale he figured the relative proportion of his expenditures to his income. The result showed that he was headed straight for financial disaster. He put in the rest of the night fearfully rolling and tossing, and reconstructing figures that grew always worse, and next morning summoned his daughters, Jean and Clara, and petrified them with a forecast of approaching ruin.

Figuring it all over again carefully, he then announced with a sigh of relief: "It was a mistake. When I came down in the morning, a gray and aged wreck, I found that in some unaccountable way (unaccountable to a business man, but not to me) I had multiplied the totals by two. I dropped seventy-five years on the floor where I stood!"

© Harper & Bros.

IN THE OFFICE OF HIS PUBLISHERS

A photograph taken in his last years as he sat in the old Harper & Brothers publishing house in Franklin Square, New York

✣ ✣ ✣

The humor that was an essential flavor of Mark Twain's character throughout the rich seventy-four years of his life dominated him even in his last suffering hours. In April, 1910, he came home from Bermuda in a dying condition, attended by his faithful Claude and Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, his friend and biographer. In the face of suffering, and while drowsy with opiates and propped up with pillows to give him breathing space in his cabin on the ship, his sense of humor did not desert him. Once when the ship rolled, his hat fell from the hook and made a circuit of the cabin floor. Though his eyes were dim with pain, the essential whimsy in him seized on that trifling incident.

"Look," he said, "the ship is passing round the hat."

✣ ✣

A year before his death, while delivering one of his talks on astronomy, he had said:

"I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty said, no doubt: 'Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.' Oh! I am looking forward to that."

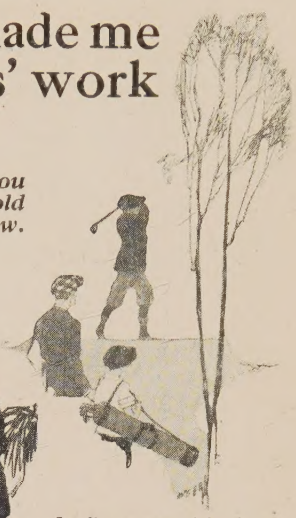
He was not to be disappointed. On Wednesday night, April 20, 1910, the mysterious messenger of his birth-year shone clear in the sky, in its perihelion, and on the following evening he died.

How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' work

He gave me a good stiff body blow. "You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but, frankly, you're not *interesting*."

There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today—now.

It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "*Who* is that interesting man?"



Leading country clubs choose their members with care. Many a prospective member fails to be elected. Nobody wants to work or play with a dumb-bell.

Says a prominent business man:

I MADE more money last year than I made in the five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, but not by work alone, by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

You will find below a coupon which will bring you a remarkable little free book that gives the plan, scope and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

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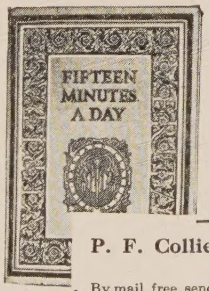

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THE OPEN LETTER

WHEN President Wilson and President-Elect Harding rode along Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol on March 4, 1921, for the inauguration ceremonies, thousands of people observed them occupied in earnest conversation. Many were wondering what they were talking about in such an intimate and animated manner.

Was it a matter of international, political, or social significance? No, nothing of that sort whatever.

They were talking about elephants!

And they were both greatly interested; and they confessed that they had always been interested, from their earliest years—in elephants.

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So the story goes—and it has been reprinted many times in the public press.

It is a story that we can all appreciate, for haven't all of us been tremendously interested, from our earliest years, in elephants?

One of the most precious memories of childhood days is that of the country circus. Early in the morning we tramped far out along the dusty roadway to meet the coming pageant, for we knew that, though the wagons of the tigers and lions would be sealed tight until they were under cover of the tent, the elephants—too big for cages—would be getting their feed at the wayside, and that we could fill our eyes with the wonder of them.

And, later on, in the "Unparalleled Show"—whether it was under a tent in the country, or in the Madison Square Garden, New York, or on the stage of the vaudeville circuits—the sight of these huge pachyderms, loping rhythmically around the ring, each holding affectionately with his trunk the tail of the one in front, always filled us with delight. As little children, we stared with open-eyed amazement at the elephants; and we have found since that we have never outgrown them. We can't outgrow them; they are too big, and altogether too wonderful.

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So we have decided to devote a number of The Mentor to elephants, and we have got some of the greatest men in the world of natural history to tell about them: Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoölogical Park; Carl Akeley, famous big-game hunter, taxidermist, and sculptor; and others. And we have gathered from various sources a rich collection of pictures to illustrate the subject—a subject as interesting and important in human history as in natural history. In our June number, then, we shall introduce to you, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, "My Lord, the Elephant," and shall make you well acquainted with him.

W. D. Moffat
Editor